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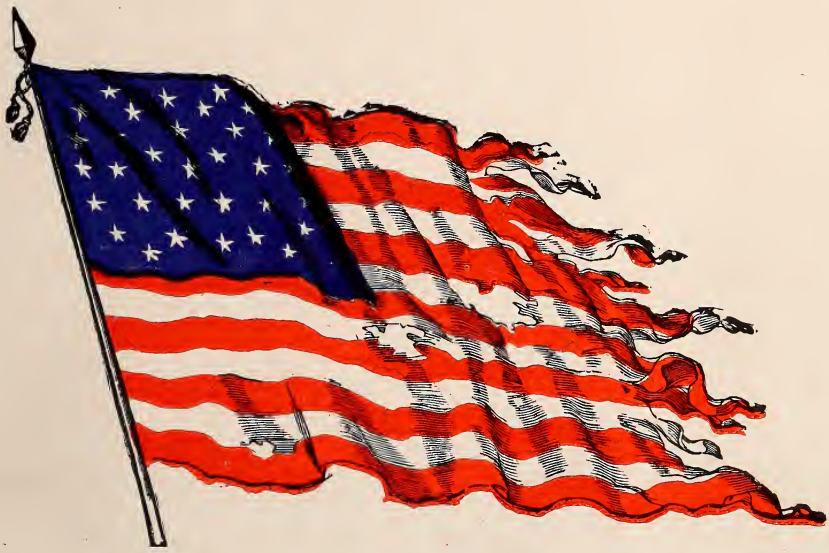
Memorial Day Annual



WISCONSIN

1909

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WISCONSIN

MEMORIAL DAY ANNUAL

LINCOLN CENTENNIAL NUMBER

1909

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DEMOCRAT PRINTING COMPANY

1909

Memorial Day.

Oh, draw aside the drapery of gloom,
  And let the sunshine chase the cloud away
And gild with brighter glory every tomb
  We decorate to-day:
And in the holy silence reigning round,
  While prayers of perfume bless the atmosphere
Where loyal souls of love and faith are found,
  Thank God that peace is here!

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

FOREWORD.

The armies which, under the leadership of Washington, for eight long years waged warfare against greatly superior numbers made possible the founding of a nation "dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." The heroes of the Revolution had no thought that any eye should ever "behold the broken and dishonored fragments" of the nation which they established. When the Union was threatened with disruption because of slavery, vast numbers of men coming from all walks of life fought to a successful close one of the most stupendous wars of history. They were the saviors of the nation.

The veterans of the Civil War conformed to that definition of true patriotism which holds it to be the sacrifice of personal advantage for the general good. To save the Union they rallied 'round the flag on many a battle field. But the country must be saved in times of peace no less than in times of war, and heroes of peace must rally 'round the flag, not on the battlefield, but at home, in business, at the ballot-box. The celebration of Memorial Day should in large degree call to mind the desperate conflicts and the heroic sacrifices which were necessary in order that the nation might endure. But it should also call to mind the great civic obligation which rests upon the people of this country at the present time, and which will rest upon succeeding generations—the obligation of unselfish devotion in times of peace to the welfare of all the people, even at the cost, if need be, of personal sacrifice. With this two-fold aim clearly in mind the recurring celebration of Memorial Day, and of other patriotic holidays, will not diminish, but will increase in interest and importance as the years go by.

In addition to the selections for Memorial Day exercises there has been included in this year's annual material for Lincoln's birthday, Washington's birthday, Flag Day, and Peace Day. Much of this additional material is also suitable for use in connection with Memorial Day.

Some Suggestions.

February twelfth of this year is the hundredth anniversary of Lincoln's birth. Exercises suitable to this notable occasion should be given in every school in the state. The exercises should be of such a character as to enlist the interest of the patrons of the school, who should be invited to be present. A feature of the program should be the recitation in concert of Lincoln's Gettysburg address by all the pupils above the middle form. In many schools it is ordinarily well to combine the celebration of the birthdays of Washington and Lincoln. This year, however, Lincoln's birthday should be celebrated apart on the proper date and every effort should be put forth to make the occasion impressive. For selections see pages 58 to 77. Material for Washington's birthday will be found on pages 78 to 87.

Flag Day (June 14) comes after the close of many if not most schools. For this reason suitable Flag Day exercises should be given in connection with the celebration of Washington's birthday, or on some other suitable day in the latter part of the school year. It would be well to have, in connection with such exercises, some reference to the proper celebration of the fourth of July. There is urgent need of more patriotism and less lockjaw resulting from this celebration. Our schools have it within their power to develop a sentiment which shall help to rescue from desecration and for purposes of patriotism the anniversary of the nation's birth. For selections see pages 44 to 57.

Peace Day (May 18) is intended to aid in the world-wide movement of substituting the principle of international arbitration for the "dread arbitrament of war" in settling disputes between nations. Only to the extent to which this substitution is accomplished can the world be said to be truly civilized. A Peace Day program requiring an hour or less for its rendition, if given in every school each year, would eventually have immense influence in promoting sentiment which will make for lasting peace. For selections see pages 88 to 94.

Memorial Day Annuals a Part of School Libraries.

Teachers receiving Memorial Day Annuals for use in their schools should preserve them as part of the school library. The selections which successive issues contain will in the aggregate form a valuable source of material for use in preparing programs and in the language, literature, and history classes.

Laus Deo.

It is done!
Clang of bell and roar of gun
Send the tidings up and down.
How the belfries rock and reel,
How the great guns, peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring, O bells!
Every stroke exulting tells
Of the burial hour of crime.
Loud and long, that all may hear,
Ring for every listening ear
Of Eternity and Time!

Let us kneel;
God's own voice is in that peal,
And this spot is holy ground.
Lord, forgive us! What are we,
That our eyes this glory see,
That our ears have heard the sound?

For the Lord
On the whirlwind is abroad;
In the earthquake he hath spoken;
He has smitten with his thunder
The iron walls asunder,
And the gates of brass are broken!

Did we dare,
In our agony of prayer,
Ask for more than He has done?
When was ever his right hand,
Over any time or land,
Stretched as now, beneath the sun?

It is done!
In the circuit of the sun
Shall the sound thereof go forth;
It shall bid the sad rejoice,
It shall give the dumb a voice,
It shall belt with joy the earth!

Ring and swing,
Bells of joy! On morning's wing
Send the song of praise abroad;
With a sound of broken chains,
Tell the Nations that he reigns,
Who alone is Lord and God!

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

Decoration Day on the Place.

It's lonesome—sort o' lonesome—it's a Sund'y-day to me,
It 'pears—like—more'n any day I nearly ever see!
Yit, with the Stars and Stripes above, a-flutterin' in the air,
On ev'ry soldier's grave I'd love to lay a lily thare.

They, say, though, Decoration Days is ginerly observed
'Most ev'rywhares, espeshally by soldiers boys that's served;
But me and mother never went, we seldom git away,
In pint o' fact we're allus home on Decoration Day.

They say the old boys marches through the streets in columns grand,
A-follerin' the old war tunes they're playin' in the band,
And citizens all jinin' in, and little children, too,
All marchin' under shelter of the old Red, White, and Blue.

With roses! roses! roses! everybody in the town!
And crowds o' little girls in white, jes' fairly loaded down!
Oh! don't The Boys know it, from their camp across the hill?
Don't they see they're com'ards comin' and the old flag wavin' still?

Oh! can't they hear the bugul and the rattle of the drum?
Ain't they no way under heavens they can rickollect us some?
Ain't they no way we can coax 'em, through the roses, jist to say
They know that every day on earth's their Decoration Day?

We've tried that—me and Mother—whare Elias takes his rest,
In the orchud, in his uniform, and hands acrost his breast,
And the flag he died fer, smilin' and a-rippin' in the breeze
Above his grave—and over that—the robin in the trees!

And yit it's lonesome, lonesome! It's a Sund'y-day, to me,
It 'pears, like, more'n any day I nearly ever see!
Still, with the Stars and Stripes above, a-flutterin' in the air,
On every Soldier's grave I'd love to lay a lily thare.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

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The Old Veteran.

An aged soldier, with his hair snow white,
Sat looking at the night.

A busy, shining angel came with things
Like chevrons on his wings.

He said, "The evening detail has been made—
Report to your brigade."

The soldier heard the message that was sent,
Then rose and died and went.

—*Selection from "Ironquill."*

The Broadening of Memorial Day.

There is a tendency to transfer the purely religions service of Memorial Day to a preceding or following Sunday. This involves the use of the day itself in some large part in holiday fashion, with always an underlying and solemnizing thought of the great men to whom we owe our freedom and its privileges. In thus extending and varying the uses of the time, its inner meaning will be deepened, broadened, and made more joyful. It is well that the memory of the dead should be associated in the minds of the people with the great flood of growing life in spring. We do not come as mourners to the resting places of our heroes. The progress of the generations gave them their opportunity and they made good use of it. It is for us now to take the lesson home to our own hearts and to look at the calls of duty in our own time in the spirit of their self-devoted lives. Our opportunity is different, but it is not less real than theirs.

There is another broadening of the spirit of the day, which we are glad to see make steady progress with the passing of the years. The day was first proposed in memory of the recent dead in that long and costly struggle for the Union, which in God's providence proved also to be the price of our deliverance from human slavery. It soon widened to include the heroes of earlier wars. Since its beginning we have passed through a new war, also, we believe, given us by God's providence to fight for human freedom. And those who fell in its battles and died in its hospital camps are remembered on our Memorial Day. There is, however, still a broadening of the field of thought which must come before the meaning and observance of the day are complete.

All our great dead, whether they served the people in necessary battle, or in ways of peace, deserve commemoration. We have no church like the English Westminster Abbey, where the greatest of our honored helpers of the past are buried; no such public place of burial as the French Pantheon in Paris; no cen-

tral hall of fame like the Bavarian Walhalla. It is characteristic of our democracy that our great dead are scattered—some where they fell in battle, some where their neighbors carried them with sorrowing and grateful hearts to quiet burial in their own God's acre of the countryside. In self-devoted service, whether in war or peace, all who deserve the grateful thought of our people are one. There is no littlest settlement but may think of its own true sons and with them of the multitude by whose devotion we enjoy our peace and strength. The great Memorial Day is for all of us, everywhere, a call to thoughtful gratitude, an incentive to right choices and steadfast self-devotion to the highest life we know.

—*Selected.*

"Our Naval Heroes."

O May, so prodigal in memories!
Hast thou forgot the battles on the seas?
Hast thou forgot the seamen that went down
Without a fear to blanch the cheek of brown?
No violet or primrose ever rests
Its fluted leaves upon these warrior-breasts,
No friendly hand has decked their ocean grave,
Nor sorrow's tribute reached them through the wave.
Not for their age alone the brave old ships
Set thundering trumpets to their iron lips!
They poured that awful eloquence of fire
To right the wrong and lift the right still higher.
The ocean or the shipyard claims the wrecks,
And shadowy crews invest the rotting decks.
A ghostly canvas flutters to the breeze,
Hast thou no garlands, May, for such as these?
Bring thy deep urn filled with a nation's tears;
Sing thy sweet psalm sprung from our happier years:
And where a warship moulders on our shore,
Worn like a grandsire whose long work is o'er,
Yet on whose rough cheek baby-fingers stray,
Give the grim past the blossoms of to-day!

—*Curtis May in Youth's Companion.*

The Civil War and the Negro.

By Booker T. Washington, Tuskegee Institute, Ala. Written especially for the Wisconsin Memorial Day Annual.

At the time the war between the North and the South broke out, I was living on a plantation in the mountains of Western Virginia, and, as near as I can make out, I was then about four or five years of age. Altho Virginia suffered a great deal from the war, and there were battles all around us, we saw very little and heard very little of actual warfare. I remember seeing the soldiers march away, shortly after the war was declared, and I remember well when the body of my master's son, Billy, was brought home after the battle at Kelly's Ford. It was the first real evidence of war that I had seen, and made a great impression upon me.

Last fall after an absence of forty years, I again paid a visit to the old plantation where I was born. I visited the little graveyard, where my master's body was buried, and had an opportunity to look again upon the spot where young master Billy was buried.

Of course, at that time, and until a considerable period after my mother and I left the old plantation and went over into Virginia, where my step-father was living, I had no very definite notion of what war meant. I knew, as all the slaves on the plantation knew, that whatever else the Northern people and the Southern people were fighting about, the Southern people were fighting to keep their slaves, and the victory of the Northern army meant freedom. But, at that time, I do not think that any of us knew very well what freedom meant. In fact, as I remember, it was some years after the close of the war, that the masses of the enfranchised people began to understand what freedom meant.

Coming back, however, after forty years, to the old homestead where I was born, meeting some of the old faces, and talking with many of the friends that I had formerly known, it seemed to me that for the first time I fully realized the enormous

value of the opportunity which the victory of the Northern armies had made for me and for my people.

There was a time when I was younger, when I used to feel resentment for all that my people had been compelled to suffer, when they were torn from their homes in Africa and brought to America to labor for the white man. All feelings of resentment that I may have ever had have long since died away, and I now look back to my life and to the people whom I knew on the plantation, with only the kindest feelings. I recognize that in slavery the white man and the black man were bound together in an institution for which neither was fully responsible, and in which both suffered equally.

I have learned, too, since I began to study and look into the history of the institution of slavery, how easily and how naturally it grew up here on American soil. At the time that the American Negro was introduced in America as a slave, Englishmen were bought in England, shipped to America, and sold into servitude here. At the time the first Negro slaves were brought to Virginia, or shortly afterwards, Englishmen were selling the captives they had taken in the civil war into something very like slavery, in the Southern colonies and in the West Indies.

At the time the first slaves were imported from Africa to America, in all parts of America that were then settled, the Indians were working, as slaves, for the white man. Hundreds of Indian slaves were sent from New England, and from the Southern states to the West Indies. Indian slavery was everywhere prevalent in South America where the white man had made his settlement. The principal reason why Indian slavery and the servitude of the white man gave place to Negro servitude was because the Negro was better adapted to the climate of the Southern states and the West Indies. Furthermore, the Negro was accustomed to slavery in his own country, and also accustomed to work.

But at the time of the civil war the world had long out-grown slavery, and the institution as it existed in the Southern States was a wretched anachronism. Whatever lessons the Negro had to learn from slavery, he had already learned, and the perpetuation of the institution was a wrong to the Negro, a wrong to the white man, and a blot on civilization. Yet so deeply had the institution of slavery rooted itself in the customs and the habits of the Southern people, so far reaching was the evil influence

that it exerted upon the industrial life of the whole country, that a great and bloody war was necessary to get rid of it.

It is interesting to note that tho the masses of the slaves who were on the plantation remained faithful to their masters, during this war, that the Negroes in the North and in all those states where they were early emancipated contributed much by their courage and by their fidelity to bring the painful struggle between the two sections of the country to a speedy end. For a long time, there was a disposition among the leaders of the North to refuse to the Negro the opportunity to fight for his own freedom, but as soon as that opportunity was granted to him the Negro soldier speedily proved to the whole world that he was worthy of the freedom which the progress of the war was slowly bringing to him.

Negro soldiers were engaged in a number of desperate battles, and in all of them, as far as I am able to learn, they came off with honor. In his report of the battle of Port Hudson, Major-General M. P. Banks said, "It gives me pleasure to report that they (the negro troops) answered every expectation. Their conduct was heroic. No troops could be more determined or more daring. They made, during the day, three charges upon the batteries of the enemy, suffering very heavy losses, and holding their position at nightfall with the other troops on the right of our line. Whatever doubt may have existed before as to the efficiency of organizations of this character, the history of this day proves conclusively to those who were in a position to observe, that the government will find in this class of troops effective supporters and defenders."

Now that the great war is over, and the wounds inflicted are beginning to heal, I believe I am safe in saying that there are people in the South, as well as in the North, who, in spite of the fearful losses it caused, believe the war was worth to the South as well as to the North, to the white man as well as to the black man, all that it has cost.

My friends, the problem which confronts us today is different but not less difficult than that which confronted our fathers in 1860 and 1861. To solve this problem demands of us a courage of a different kind, but perhaps even greater, than that required to fight the battles of the great civil war of which we cherish the memory today. The freedom that was gained at that enormous expense of blood and money must be preserved. To pre-

serve that freedom our people must be inspired with the desire to see that absolute justice is done to every man whether he is black, yellow, or brown, whether his parents were born in slavery or nursed in luxury. My friends, the war is over. In the words of our great Commander, General Grant, "Let us have peace." Peace between North and South. Peace between the white man and the black man.

The Black Regiment.

Dark as the clouds of even,
Ranked in the western heaven,
Waiting the breath that lifts
All the dread mass, and drifts
Tempest and falling brand
Over a ruined land—
So, still and orderly,
Arm to arm, knee to knee,
Waiting the great event,
Stands the Black Regiment.

Down the long dusky line
Teeth gleam and eyeballs shine;
And the bright bayonet,
Bristling and firmly set,
Flashed with a purpose grand,
Long ere the sharp command
Of the fierce rolling drum
Told them their time had come,
Told them what work was sent
For the Black Regiment.

"Now," the flag-sergeant cried,
"Though death and hell betide,
Let the whole nation see
If we are fit to be
Free in this land; or bound
Down, like the whining hound—
Bound with red stripes of pain
In our old chains again!"
Oh! what a shout there went
From the Black Regiment!

"Charge!" Trump and drum awoke;
Onward the bondmen broke;
Bayonet and sabre-stroke
Vainly opposed their rush.
Through the wild battle's crush,
With but one thought aflush,
Driving their lords like chaff,
In the guns' mouths they laugh,
Or at the slippery brands

Leaping with open hands,
Down they tear man and horse,
Down in their awful course;
Trampling with bloody heel
Over the crashing steel,
All their eyes forward bent,
Rushed the Black Regiment.

"Freedom!" their battle-cry—
"Freedom! or leave to die!"
Ah! and they meant the word,
Not as with us 'tis heard,
Not a mere party-shout:
They gave their spirits out;
Trusted the end to God,
And on the gory sod
Rolled in triumphant blood;
Glad to strike one free blow,
Whether for weal or woe;
Glad to breathe one free breath,
Though on the lips of death:
Praying—alas! in vain!—
That they might fall again,
So they could once more see
That burst to liberty!
This was what "freedom" lent
To the Black Regiment.

Hundreds on hundreds fell;
But they are resting well;
Scourges and shackles strong
Never shall do them wrong.
Oh! to the living few,
Soldiers, be just and true!
Hail them as comrades tried;
Fight with them side by side;
Never, in field or tent,
Scorn the Black Regiment.

—*George H. Boker (1863.)*

Mustered Out.

"A soldier of the Union mustered out,"
Is the inscription of an unknown grave
At Newport News, beside the salt sea wave,
Nameless and dateless; sentinel or scout
Shot down in skirmish or disastrous rout
Of battle, when the loud artillery drave
Its iron wedges through the ranks of brave
And doomed battalions, storming the redoubt.
Thou unknown hero sleeping by the sea
In thy forgotten grave—with secret shame
I feel my pulses beat, my forehead burn,
When I remember thou hast given for me
All that thou hast, thy life, thy very name,
And I can give thee nothing in return!

—*Longfellow.*

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A Friendly Interview Between Pickets.

A correspondent writing from the Ninth army corps, opposite Fredericksburgh, Va., narrated the following, which occurred on Christmas Day, 1862, while the writer was out on picket with his company:

"After partaking of a Christmas dinner of salt junk and hard tack, our attention was attracted by a rebel picket, who hailed us from the opposite side of the river: 'I say, Yank, if a fellow goes over there, will you let him come back again?' Receiving an affirmative answer, he proceeded to test the truth of it by paddling himself across the river. He was decidedly the cleanest specimen of a rebel I had seen. In answer to a question, he said he belonged to the Georgia Legion. One of our boys remarked: 'I met quite a number of your boys at South Mountain.' 'Yes, I suppose so, if you were there,' said the rebel, while his face grew very sad. 'We left very many of our boys there. My brother, poor Will, was killed there. It was a very hot place for a while, and we had to leave it in a hurry.' 'That's so, Georgia, your fellows fought well there, and had all the advantage, but the old Keystone boys were pressing you hard. By the way, I have a likeness here (taking it out of his pocket) that I picked up on the battle-field the next morning, and I have carried it ever since.' He handed it to the rebel, who, on looking at it, pressed it to his lips, exclaiming, 'My mother! my mother!' He exhibited considerable emotion at the recovery of the picture; but on regaining his composure, he said that his brother had it in his possession, and must have lost it in the fight. He then asked the name of the one to whom he was indebted for the lost likeness of his mother, remarking, 'There may be better times soon, and we may know each other better.' He had taken from his pocket a small pocket Bible, in which to write the address, when Alex., who had taken no part in the conversation, fairly yelled: 'I know that book! I lost it at Bull Run!' 'That's where I got it, Mr. Yank,' said the rebel, and he handed it to Alex. 'I am much obliged to you, Georgia Legion, for I wouldn't part with it for all the Southern Confederacy.' I was a little curious to know something further of the book, so I

asked Alex. to let me see it. He passed it to me. I opened it, and on the fly leaf saw written in a neat hand, 'My Christmas gift to Alex., December 25th, 1860. Ella.' 'Well, Alex.,' said I, 'it's not often one has the same gift presented to him a second time.' True, Captain; and if I could but see the giver of that today, there's but one other gift I would want.' 'What's that, Alex?' 'This rebellion played out, and my discharge in my pocket.'

"The boys had all been busily talking to our rebel friend, who, seeing a horseman approaching in the direction of his post, bids us a hasty goodby, and made as quick a trip as possible across the Rappahannock. Night came on, and those not on duty lay down on the frozen ground, to dream of other Christmas nights, when we knew not war."

—*Rebellion Record.*

Battle Above the Clouds.

Raining lifeblood like water on the valleys down below.
O, green be the laurels that grow,
O, sweet be the wild buds that blow,
In the dells of the mountains where the brave are lying low.

Light of our hope and crown of our story,
Bright as sunlight, pure as starlight shall their deeds of daring glow,
While the day and the night out of heaven shed their glory,
On Freedom's Lookout Mountain when they routed Freedom's foe.
O, soft be the gales where they go
Through the pines on the summit where they blow,
Chanting solemn music for the souls that passed below.

—*W. D. Howells.*

Forgiven.

"In a recent battle fell a secession colonel, the last remaining son of his mother, and she a widow. That mother had sold eleven children of an old slave mother, her servant; that servant went to her and said: 'Missus, we're even now; you sold all my children; de Lord took all yours; not one left to bury either of us; now I forgive you.'"

A Southern widow knelt beside the bier
Of her lifeless son,
They had brought him back from the battle-field,
The field that he died upon;
And of all her children, this dead boy
Was the last remaining one.

Oh! lonely through that silent house
The wide, deserted halls;
Now never a sound of dancing feet
Across their pavement falls—
Nor the mother's voice through the summer air,
After her children calls.

One after one, from her home they went,
One after one, to the grave,
And their father was laid by the village kirk
Where the solemn cedars wave,
And this last one of her household band,
How she had hoped to save!

But that hope died out on the fatal day,
So sorrowful and black,
When strangers brought unto her door
That only darling back—
Not as he went, so strong and brave
And full of life, alack!

Oh! sad it was to hear her mourn
In that wide, lonely home;
Not a ray of comfort or of hope
To radiate the gloom,
Not a kindred step beside her own,
To follow to the tomb.

One came to her, but not of kin,
Only an aged slave,
And spoke, as she never spoke before—
Perhaps grief made her brave;
The swelling tide of a mighty grief
Impulsive accents gave.

"Missus, you mourn, for your last boy
Will never come back more.
You took my children, one by one,
From the little cabin-door;
De Lord took yours, now I forgive—
I never could before.

"I pity you in de lonesome house,
For I knows how;
Not one left to bury either of us,
We're even now!
But de good Lord helps sufferin' hearts
Dat to him bow."

—*From "The Rebellion Record,"*

The Pride of Battery B.

South Mountain towered upon our right, far off the river lay,
And over on the wooded heights we kept their lines at bay.
At last the muttering guns were still, the night came slow and wan.
At last the gunners' pipes did fill, the sergeant's yarns began.
When as the wind a moment blew aside the fragrant cloud
The brier wood raised, within our view a little maiden stood,
A tiny tot of six or seven, from fireside fresh she seemed.
Of such a little one in heaven, one soldier often dreamed.
And as we stared, her little hand went to her curly head
In grave salute, "And who are you?" at length the sergeant said,
"And where's your home?" he growled again.
She lisped out, "Who is me?
Why, don't you know? I'm little Jane, the Pride of Battery B.
My home? Why, that was burnt away, and pa and ma are dead,
And so I ride the guns all day, 'long with Sergeant Ned.
And I've a drum that's not a toy, a cap with feathers, too,
I march beside the drummer boy on Sunday at review.
And now our 'bacca's all give out, the men can't have their smoke,
And so they're cross: Why, even Ned won't play with me and joke.
And the big colonel said today—I hate to hear him swear,
He'd give a leg for a good smoke like that Yank had over there;
And so I thought when beat the drum and the big guns were still
I'd creep beneath the tent and come out here across the hill
And beg, good Mister Yankeeman, you'd give me some Lone Jack.
Please do! When we get some again I'll surely bring it back,
'Deed I will, cause Ned, says he, that if I do as I say,
I'll be a general yet, maybe, and ride a handsome bay."
We brimmed her tiny apron o'er, you should have heard her laugh,
As each man from his scanty store shook out a generous half.
To kiss the little mouth stooped down a score of grimy men,
Until the sergeant's husky voice said, "'Tention, squad!" and then
We gave her escort, till good-night the pretty waif we bid,
And watched her toddle out of sight, or else 'twas tears that hid
Her tiny form, nor turned about a man or spoke a word,
Until afar, upon the breeze, a loud hoarse shout we heard.
We sent it back, and cast sad eyes upon the scene around.
A baby's hand had touched the chord that brothers once had bound.
That's all, save when the dawn awoke again the work of hell,
And thru the clouds of smoke the screaming missiles fell,
The colonel often rubbed his glass and marvelled much to see—
Not a single shell that whole day fell in the camp of Battery B.

—*Selected.*

Grant's Farewell to His Armies.

Soldiers of the Armies of the United States—By your patriotic devotion to your country in the hour of danger and alarm, your magnificent fighting, bravery, and endurance, you have maintained the supremacy of the Union and the constitution, overthrown all armed opposition to the enforcement of the laws and of the proclamations forever abolishing slavery—the cause and pretext of the rebellion—and opened the way to the rightful authorities to restore order and inaugurate peace on a permanent and enduring basis on every foot of American soil. Your marches, sieges, and battles, in distance, duration, resolution, and brilliancy of results, dim the lustre of the world's past military achievements, and will be the patriot's precedent in defense of liberty and right in all time to come.

In obedience to your country's call you left your homes and families and volunteered in its defense. Victory has crowned your valor, and secured the purpose of your patriotic hearts; and with the gratitude of your countrymen and the highest honors a great and free nation can accord, you will soon be permitted to return to your homes and families, conscious of having discharged the highest duty of American citizens. To achieve these glorious triumphs and to secure to yourselves, your fellow countrymen, and posterity the blessings of free institutions, tens of thousands of your gallant comrades have fallen and sealed the priceless legacy with their lives. The graves of these a grateful nation bedews with tears, honors their memories, and will ever cherish and support their stricken families.

Our First Commander, Gen. U. S. Grant.

COLONEL WILLIAM F. VILAS.

The speech which first gave fame to the late Col. William F. Vilas was delivered at the banquet given in honor of Gen. Grant by the Army of the Tennessee at the Palmer house, on Nov. 17, 1879, on his return from the trip around the world. Of all the speeches on that night it alone is remembered. It carried the banqueters off their feet and few orators have ever received such an ovation as was given to Col. Vilas, then a young man not known out of Wisconsin. The Chicago newspapers the next morning gave full credit to the deep impression he made and soon the whole country re-echoed with tributes to the splendid oration which had so stirred all who had heard it. Col. Vilas leaped at a moment into national fame.—*Milwaukee Free Press.*

"Your call invites me, sir, I am conscious, to give expression to the profound feeling with which every heart of our assembled companions responds to the stirring sentiments. But how shall I attempt to choose in the brief compass the occasion allows from the multitudinous thoughts that crowd the mind? Our first commander, the illustrious general whose fame has grown to fill the world; and, more, our old band of the Tennessee was his first army. What honorable memories of old associations you, companions, may now recall! How splendid was your entrance on the scene of arms! The anxious eye of the North had long been fixed intently on the eastern theater, almost unconscious of the new-formed Army of the Tennessee and its unknown general. Suddenly there fell on the startled ear the roar of your fight at Donelson and your chieftain's victorious cry, which waked the country's heart to ecstasy, and rung like a prophetic knell the doom our army of salvation rung to rebels—'Nothing but unconditional surrender.'

"Then but a few days later there burst at Shiloh, upon the Army of the Tennessee, the flame and fury of the first great field fight of the war. In desperate doubt the nightfall of the bloody day closed on the unequal struggle. Higher then rose the iron resolution of that great commander. Urged by cautious counsel to prepare the way for retreat, with trust in your valor, he gave the characteristic answer, 'I have not despaired of whipping them yet.' And loyally, on the morrow, was he vindicated in that reliance, as he rode before the soldiery, driving the enemy over the victorious field.

"How darkly comes back in recollection the long and dismal toil in the pestilential swamp before impregnable Vicksburg. The sky was overhung with gloom, and the soaked earth sunk under foot, until by the flash of powder, unheralded by the noise of arms, in miserable darkness, the last enemy irresistibly plied his fatal work, changing the river levees, where only was solid ground for burial, into tombs for our decimated ranks. Then, again, new light broke from his troubled genius on the scene, and displayed the possible path for valor. Breaking past the rebel battlements, and across the great river, he flung our army into the midst of the hostile host like a mighty gladiator surrounded by his foes, choosing no escape but in victory. There, with fiery zest, in fierce rapidity he smote the foe the crushing strokes of Port Gibson, Raymond, Jackson, Champion hills, and Black river, and seized the doomed city with the unrelenting grasp of his Army of the Tennessee.

"And when, on the new birthday of the republic, her flag shook out the beautiful folds above the ramparts of that boasted citadel, the territory of revolt was finally split in twain, and the backbone of the rebellion was broken. Such, at a glance, is your splendid story, companions, under our first commander. He and his Army of the Tennessee entered upon the pages of history together. Together they achieved the first great patriotic triumphs of the Union, together they followed and fought her enemies from field to field, pushing our advancing arms in steady career toward the gulf.

"Nor were their efforts for their country disunited until, having dismembered the vast rebellion, the beginning of its utter downfall had been seen. Guided by his genius, your army had learned to fight only to conquer. Parted from him, it forgot not the teaching. Its march and war struck every revolted state save two, but never general anywhere lamented over its retreat from the field of arms. Joyfully may we point to that exalted fame which, rising like a pinnacle of the Alps, breaks through the firmament above, to carry up the name of the unconquered Grant; for it is our felicity that on the solid base from which it lifts, history has written the proud legend of the Army of the Tennessee, which never shunned and never lost a battle with its foes.

"Joined to it by such a story, and especially when so assembled, his old associates and soldiers in war, we may rightfully, without

censure and without adulation, claim and speak the just measure of his merit and renown. Nor shall his presence deny that satisfaction to us. His reputation is not his—not even his country's—alone. It is in part our peculiar possession. We, who fought to aid its rising, may well rejoice in its meridian splendor. The foundations of his title are deep laid and safe. They spring not from merely having enjoyed possession of the honors of place and power which his countrymen have bestowed. They lie not specially on his shining courage and personal conduct before the enemy who was never outdone in calm intrepidity, nor in the splendid daring with which he ever urged the battle he immediately ordered, though long these will live in song and story.

"Beyond the warrior's distinction, which was his earlier glory —his is the true genius of the general. The strategic learning of the military art was to him a simple implement, like colors and brush to a Raphael, not fetters to the mind. How like a weapon in a giant's hand did he wield the vast aggregations of soldiery, whose immensity impresses so many minds. How easily moved his divisions, yet how firm the places of all. How every soldier came to feel his participation—a direct contribution to the general success. And when at length his merit won the government of the entire military power of the North, how perfectly became, without noise or friction, the co-operation of every army throughout the wide territory of the war toward the common end. Subordinate every will and zealous soul, the profound military wisdom of the capital even, to the clear purpose and comprehensive grasp of the one commanding mind. Then how rapidly crumbled on every side the crushed revolt! Where shall we find, in past records, the tale of such a struggle, so enormous in extent, so nearly matched at the outset, so desperately contested, so effectively decided? Through what a course of uninterrupted victory did he proceed from the earliest engagements to a complete dominion of the vast catastrophe!

"Spare, in pity, the poor brain which cannot see in this career more than a dogged pertinacity! Out upon the unjust prejudice which will consciously disparage the true meed of genius! Leave it where his intrepid silence leaves it! Leave it to history! Leave it to the world!

"But in the great cause so well understood, and the great results to men so well accomplished, the basis of his renown is

justly broadened. For the salvation of this government of freedom for mankind we took up arms. When liberty was safe, they were laid again down. Risen to the highest seat of power, he has descended as a citizen of equal rank with all. This goes to the soul of American liberty, ennobling individual citizenship above all servants in office. His is indeed the noblest grandeur of manhood, who can rise from the grasp of overtopling power, above the ambition of self, to exalt the ambition of humanity, denying the spoils of the brief time to the last guerdon of immortal honor.

"The judgment of immediate contemporaries has been apt to rise too high or fall too low. But let not detraction or calumny mislead. They have ever been the temporal accompaniments of human greatness. That glory cannot rise beyond the clouds which passes not through the clouds. We may confidently accept the judgment of the world. It has been unmistakably delivered. But lately, as he has pressed his wandering course about the round earth, mankind have everywhere bowed in homage at his coming as the ancient devotees of the east fell before the sun at his rising.

"These honors were not paid to his person, which was unknown; they were not paid to him as to some potentate of a people, for he journeyed not as a man in power. They have been the willing prostration of mortality before a glory imperishable.

"His memory shall, indeed, be in the line of the heroes of war, but distinctive and apart from the greater number. Not with the kind of Alexander, who ravaged the earth to add to mere dominion; nor of Belisarius, who but fed the greedy craving of an imperial beast of prey; not with Marlborough, Eugene, Wellington, who played the parts set them by the craft of diplomacy; not with the Napoleons, who chose 'to wade through slaughter to a throne, and shut the gates of mercy on mankind;' not with Cæsar, who would have put the ambitious hand of arms on the delicate fabric of constitutional freedom.

"America holds a higher place in the congregation of glory for her heroes of liberty, where sits, in expectation, her majestic Washington. In nobler ambition than the gaining of empire they have borne their puissant arms for the kingdom of man, where liberty reigneth forever. From the blood poured out in

their warfare sweet incense rose to heaven, and angels soothed, with honorable pride, the tear which sorrow started for the dead.

"Home again now, our first commander, after the journey of the world! Here, here again, we greet him at our social board, where, with recurring years, we regale all the deeper, ripening memories of our soldiership for freedom. Partaking of the labors, the perils, the triumphs, which were the beginnings of his glory, we join now, with exultation, in the welcoming honors by which his grateful countrymen tell their foreknowledge of the immortality of his renown.

"Long and many be the years, illustrious leader, before your hour of departure comes! Green and vigorous be your age, undecayed every faculty of mind and sense, in full fruition of the well-earned joys of life; happy in the welfare of your native land, the love of your countrymen, the admiration of the world."

An Old Battlefield.

The softest whisperings of the scented South,
And rust and roses in the cannon's mouth;

And, where the thunders of the fight were born,
The wind's sweet tenor in the standing corn;

With song of larks, low-lingering in the loam,
And blue skies bending over love and home.

But still the thought: Somewhere,—upon the hills,
Or where the vales ring with the whip-poor-wills,

Sad wistful eyes and broken hearts that beat
For the loved sound of unreturning feet,

And, when the oaks their leafy banners wave,
Dream of the battle and an unmarked grave!

—*Frank Lebby Stanton.*

From Whence Came They?

By J. A. Watrous, Lieut. Col., U. S. Army.

Written especially for the Wisconsin Memorial Day Annual.

After the Wisconsin contingent had passed the reviewing stand, on the occasion of the Grand Army parade at Toledo, and disbanded, many who had participated took positions where they could review other Departments. I stood near a veteran who had several of his grandchildren with him. When about a third of the 15,000 men in the procession had passed, one of the grandchildren looked into the old gentleman's face and asked: "Grandpa, where did they all come from?"

That is my text: "Where did they all come from?" or "From Whence Came They?" I can imagine that soldier grandfather, when he returned to his home, telling that cluster of little ones, where they all "came from." In my answer I shall begin after looking back nearly 50 years, or to the spring and summer of 1861, when the war clouds were so thick and heavy that President Lincoln called for volunteers to rally around old glory and help him to save the Nation. It was then that the men in that Toledo procession began to move forward—began to "come," and they came from all walks in life; from the school room, and not infrequently the teacher and all who were old enough or large enough to bear arms; from the pulpit, and not infrequently a majority of the male members of the congregation followed the minister; they came from the farms in every northern state, from the factories, from the workshops, the store, the printing-office, and it often occurred that editor, publisher, and printers all volunteered, leaving the editorial, publishing and mechanical departments in charge of women; they came from the pineries, thousands of them; from the log drive, the saw mill, and the grist mill; thousands left railway trains and steamboats to wear the uniforms of the United States. I shall not attempt to enumerate all of the places from which they came. Theirs was the best blood of the Nation; young men and boys who realized what they were doing, and who were glad to respond to the call of the

Great President in such a cause. From that time until the close of 1864 more than two millions of boys and young men, for we must not forget that the army of the Union—the army that saved the Union—was largely made up of boys from 14 to young men of 22, responded to that call.

Let me ask my readers to imagine, if they can, this vast army of boys, and those who had just passed the threshold of boyhood, marching to the music of the Union to engage in the mightiest of modern struggles to save the Republic. Can you imagine anything more inspiring? From our own Wisconsin ninety thousand marched forth. Every northern state contributed generously. It is not necessary at this late day to enter into details as to the manner in which the Union was saved. Every good American, North and South, is rejoicing that it was saved.

I can imagine that in words similar to these that old grandfather told his grandchildren "From Whence Came They." And after the four years of marches and battles he would have pictured, as I will try to picture, again, "From Whence Came They?" They began to come very soon after the great review in Washington, in May, 1865. Within a few months all but some far away companies and regiments of that army of over two millions had been mustered out and those boys and young men, grown to manhood, vigorous, strong, brown-faced, self-reliant, modest and hopeful came marching home. In the mighty procession were representatives from all of the great battles, the smaller ones, and hundreds of skirmishes; there were representatives from the two fields of Bull Run; from the several great fields in the vicinity of Richmond; from South Mountain and Antietam. In this homeward-bound procession were men who had passed through the two severe battles of Fredericksburg, and the disastrous struggle at Chancellorsville. They came marching from Shiloh, Chickamauga, the series of fields from Chattanooga to Atlanta; they came from Vicksburg, Port Hudson, Corinth, and Iuka; a mighty host came from the great decisive field, from the highwater mark battle, from Gettysburg. What a procession it was? Nearly every foreign country looked for trouble from this vast army of men who had passed through the greatest war of modern times. They expected to see riots, lawlessness on every hand, anarchy; but they had misjudged the patriots who had helped Abraham Lincoln to save the

Nation, soldiers who had learned the value of obedience to law. They were disciplined men; men who had made a sacrifice for country, and who believed in and loved that country. They were typical American citizens, strictly law abiding, strictly loyal, and they melted away as quietly as the snow under a gentle sunshine, with never a sign of trouble of any character. They returned to their schools, many of them, to their pulpits, their farms, their workshops, to the pineries, their trains and ships, their stores, printing offices, mills, and factories. Tens of thousands of them moved West where lands were cheap, and have been a tower of strength in building up the new West. Many returned to the South, and have been a power in restoring order, and bringing back business, educational, and religious life and prosperity.

Have I made myself plain? Is it hard, in imagination, to see these millions of well-tried young men marching from the nearly two thousand battle fields of the Civil War, back to their homes, to again take their places in the daily walks of life; hard to realize, "From Whence Came They" in 1865, after Appomattox?

Again "From Whence Came They" to Toledo, where they participated in that most memorable parade on the occasion of one of the most successful National Encampments of the Grand Army of the Republic? The little grandson looked upon a very different picture from that which those beheld who watched the gathering of the army in 1861, and those who watched the survivors return in 1865. The little boy saw about fifteen thousand old men, the youngest scarcely less than sixty, and the oldest more than ninety; he saw their gray heads and wrinkled faces, their dim eyes and bent forms; he noted their uncertain steps, and the unmistakable signs of great weariness. He could tell how they looked in Toledo last September, and how they marched, and how they sang, or tried to sing. He could tell how they cheered, but it wanted grandfather to tell him "From Whence They Came." From whence did they come? Not long ago there was a similar parade of Grand Army men in which two of the marchers, Gen. Benjamin Harrison and Major McKinley came from the White House, a President and an Ex-President; and on several other occasions there were others in the parade who had served as President,—Grant, Hayes, and Garfield. There have been representatives in the parade wearing the little bronze button, and very proud of it, from the Supreme Court of the

U. S., from the supreme courts of a dozen different states, They have come in scores from both houses of Congress. Not less than one hundred different governors of states have marched in these parades. Thousands of men who have served, and served well, as members of state legislatures have helped to make up such parades as the grandson sought information concerning. Hundreds of judges from federal, state, and county courts have been among the marchers. Presidents of our great colleges and universities, and scores of lesser colleges, academies, and hundreds, yes thousands of heads of public schools of various grades; scores of men who have ranked among the best of railway officials from presidents to brakemen and firemen. Tens of thousands of sturdy, successful farmers, thousands of merchants from the highest to the lowest grade, and a multitude of newspaper men from the chief editor to the pressman; bankers from the greatest to the smallest; lawyers, doctors, and ministers. Men from the regular army and navy by thousands; indeed we may well ask where have they not come from; and we may also ask from whence has come a body of men who have done more for their country, and whose citizenship is of a higher type?

I am sure that no reader will ask me to apologize for having colored this sketch in such a way that it speaks well, indeed, enthusiastically, of that multitude of 1861, of 1865, and of 1908; but I would not have anyone think for a moment that in speaking well of the boys and young men, the seasoned men after the war, and the old men of to-day, I have other than the kindliest feeling for that other army, also made up of boys and young men who fought four years for that which they thought was right, who returned to homes desolated after the war, and who for more than a lifetime have struggled for an existence. They, too, are representatives from great battle fields, where they fought as well as men ever fought, and showed bravery equal to that ever shown; they, too, are representative American soldiers, and the Union soldier who met them on battle fields, and who has noted their manly struggle since the war, is willing to recognize them as brother American soldiers. It may be said without fear of successful contradiction, that all of the old fighting confederate veterans rejoice to-day that we have the one country, with the one flag. The sons and grandsons of the confederate soldiers were among the very best of soldiers and

sailors in the recent American wars. All through the South the flag that for many years has been floating over our Wisconsin school houses floats over their school houses. It is their flag as much as it is ours; it is their country as much as it is ours. The war is over; it ended at Appamattox, 43 years ago. As a result of the patriotism of the veterans of that war we stand at the head of the nations of the earth, respected by all civilized peoples, and with brighter prospects than any other country enjoys.

The Empty Sleeve.

(This poem was composed in the early years of the civil war by David Barker, now a resident of Maine, whose poems in the bloody days of the war are credited with encouraging the boys onward and to victory. Among soldiers this poem was especially popular, and will be greeted here as an old friend by many of the veterans, for whom it is reprinted.)

By the moon's pale light, to this gazing throng,
Let me tell one tale, let me sing one song;
'Tis a tale devoid of an aim or plan,
'Tis a simple song of a one-arm man.
Till this very hour I could ne'er believe
What a tell-tale thing is an empty sleeve—
What a weird, queer thing is an empty sleeve.

It tells in a silent tone to all
Of a country's need and a country's call,
Of a kiss and a tear for a child and wife,
And a hurried march for a nation's life.
Till this very hour would you e'er believe
What a tell-tale thing is an empty sleeve—
What a weird, queer thing is an empty sleeve.

It tells of a battlefield of gore,
Of the sabre's clash, of the cannon's roar;
Of the deadly charge—of the bugle's note,
Of a gurgling sound in a foeman's throat:
Of the whizzing grape—of the fiery shell,
Of a scene which mimics the scenes of hell.
Till this very hour who could e'er believe
What a tell-tale thing is an empty sleeve—
What a weird, queer thing is an empty sleeve.

Though it points to a myriad wounds and scars,
Yet it tells that a flag, with its stripes and stars,
For God's own chosen time will take
Each place of the rag with the rattle-snake,
And it points to the time when that flag will wave
O'er a land where there breathes no cowering slave;
To the top of the skies let us all then heave
One proud hurrah for the empty sleeve!
For the one arm man and the empty sleeve!

—*Toledo Blade.*

Our Heroes.

Ah! no, they have not passed away,
  The glorious men of old,
Of lofty deeds, whose souls were cast
  In virtue's sternest mould.

O patriot names! Brighter for such
  Shines forth the storied past;
O loyal lives! in days of gloom
  A beacon to the last.

Hear ye their call? Up! Save this land!
  Fulfill your mission high;
It stirs each true heroic heart,
  That thrilling battle-cry.

They come! they come! O waiting souls!
  They gather in their might;
Their hearts are leal, their swords are true,
  They battle for the right.

Thank God, my country, for the brave,
  The wise, the eloquent;
Their noblest thoughts are given to thee,
  And on thy future bent.

They fight and bleed and die
  On hill-side, plain, and sea,
That the old flag cleansed from every stain
  May yet float fair and free!

S. R. C.

Brunswick, Me., January 10, 1863.

The Palmetto and the Pine.

There grows a fair palmetto in the sunny Southern lands—
Upon the stern New England hills a sombre pine tree stands.
And each towers like a monument above the perished brave;
A grave 'neath the palmetto—beneath the pine a grave.

The Carolina widow comes this bright day to spread
Magnolia and jessamine above her soldier dead;
And the Northern mother violets strews upon her son below—
Her only son, who fell so many weary years ago.

Tears for the gallant Yankee boy—one of Grant's heroes he;
Tears for the stalwart Southern man—the man who marched with Lee;
But love, and only love, between the lonely ones who twine
Their wreaths 'neath the palmetto—their chaplets 'neath the pine.

—Manly H. Pike.

The Decoration of the School Room for Memorial Day.

MAUD BARNETT KRONSHAGE.

Written especially for the Memorial Day Annual.

Memorial Day should be to every child a day of inspiration. It should create within him higher ideals of patriotism than he has held before. It should teach him reverence for those who consecrated their lives to their country's service and should leave with him a broader sense of his own duty as a citizen. That the child's character may thus be broadened, the day must be given an atmosphere peculiarly its own and in harmony with the purposes for which it was established. Though depending largely upon the individuality of the teacher and the quality of the exercises held, this atmosphere is perfected by fit and harmonious decoration.

Memorial Day is a day of solemnity, a day of moral and social uplift. During its observance there should be nothing about the schoolroom lending an air of celebration, neither should there be anything about it depressing or funereal. Remove for the time all objects such as pictures, paper decorations, and drawings, not in harmony with the idea for which the observance of the day stands. Dignity in decoration cannot be attained when there are too many objects about.

The flag; the shield; red, white and blue bunting; green leaves and branches; flowers; palms, both dry and green; pictures of men and scenes famous in the three wars—Revolutionary, Civil and Spanish-American,—also reproductions of famous marbles bearing upon these periods are the materials which are appropriate for decoration and which are most likely to be available to every school district. All flags and red, white, and blue bunting should be covered with black gauze. This will tend to suppress the vivid colors of the flag and thus prevent a jar with the color scheme of the room.

The following schemes for arrangement may prove helpful.

1. The colonial style seems the most truly American, and is one of the best to follow. Have the children weave a long, flat garland of broad green leaves, pinning the leaves together by their stems. Festoon this flat against the wall, next the ceiling, catching it up at intervals of three feet or more,

according to the size of the room, and allowing the lowest part of each curve so formed to drop two or three feet from the ceiling. On the regularity in size and shape of the festoons depends the beauty of the decoration. Be sure to have the leaves so fastened that when festooned they will lie flat against the wall. At each point at which the garland is caught up to the ceiling hang a straight chain of leaves; exceeding in length the depth of the festoon, to which attach a small, flat wreath of leaves one foot to one foot and a half in diameter, all woven to correspond with the festooning. This decoration may be placed across the front of the room only, or may extend around two sides, or even three, where the windows are all on one side. In this last case, it may be interesting to devote the front wall to the Civil War, one of the other walls to the Revolutionary War, and the third to the Spanish-American War. Use appropriate pictures to complete this decoration, grouping them according to the three periods and hanging them in straight lines horizontally, as nearly as possible, so that red, white and blue bunting, covered with black gauze, may be run straight behind them. The bunting should be visible only in the spaces between the pictures.

2. Drape red, white and blue bunting, covered with black gauze, around the room next the ceiling, catching it up at about the same intervals as suggested in 1. Hang chains of woven leaves with flat wreaths suspended from them, as in 1. Use pictures as in 1 but omit the bunting back of them.

3. Use a single shield in the center of the front wall, grouping pictures about it. The shield may be purchased or may be made by some of the older pupils.

4. A single flag covered with black gauze may be draped across the front wall. If the flag is small, some pictures may be used with it. Palms or green branches, massed on the floor below the flag, or in the corners near it, will complete this decoration.

5. For a very simple decoration, throw a flag covered with black gauze over the teacher's table, and place on it a bunch of flowers in a plain, substantial jar or vase. A wreath woven of green leaves will look well placed flat on the table.

6. Let each child provide himself with a small flag, or a small wreath of green, or both. A wreath or a flag on each desk in the room will produce a very pleasing effect.

7. Using scheme 1 or 2, and having few or no pictures, let some pupil who prints well and is skillful with water-colors, place

upon a large sheet of cardboard or paper the last half of the last paragraph of Lincoln's Gettysburg address:

> "It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that the government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

The illuminated paragraph may easily and appropriately be framed in rough boards, stained dark brown or green. Hang so as to form the center of decoration. Use Lincoln's picture with this if it is available.

8. Same as 7, substituting for the excerpt from Lincoln's speech the last paragraph of Ingersoll's *A Vision of War*. It is quoted below as it may not be easy of access to all schools.

> "These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless. Earth may run red with other wars; they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for soldiers living and dead: Cheers for the living; tears for the dead."

Though any of the schemes suggested may be modified at will and the principle probably improved, it will be well to bear in mind that interest in a decorative scheme must be concentrated, not diffused. Do not over decorate.

FLOWERS.

These are the tenderest and most beautiful tributes which may be offered the soldier dead. Select them then with care. Choose lavenders, whites, creams, and suppressed blues, avoiding bright reds and pinks. It will not be difficult to find flowers of the right shades in the spring of the year. Green leaves and branches are always good as they are in harmony with almost any scheme of decoration, but an over-abundance should be avoided. A little of anything may be most beautiful, while too much may become unbearable.

Do not fasten flowers on the walls nor decorate the gas fixtures or telephone with them. Give them reasonable bases by putting them into jars and vases and placing them on tables, substantial shelves or the platform.

Use large bunches or masses of flowers for decorative effects. Two or three perfect flowers, often one only, may be most beautiful on the teacher's desk, but where a color effect is to be gained there must be a mass. Observe balance and rhythm as far as possible in the placing of these masses.

JARS AND VASES.

Go to the crockery store and buy, or to your neighbor and borrow, large preserving and pickling jars in gray, cream or yellow. These are the best for large masses of flowers. They give not only an apparent but a real support and their neutral tints are in harmony with any color scheme. Gray crockery with blue decoration is agreeable but small detailed designs must be avoided. Choose the simplest jars. Clear glass vases of plain design and the large gold-fish bowls are good.

PICTURES.

If buying or borrowing pictures for the day, get only those which are simply framed. A very ornate frame is out of keeping with the day and out of place in the class room at any time. Hang pictures flat or as nearly flat as is possible and bestow thought and care upon their arrangement, observing the principle of interstices at irregular intervals, or of absolute regularity by lateral symmetry. The pictures named in the following list are appropriate for use in the school room on Memorial Day. They are all patriotic in character, though not confined in subject to any historical period.

Abraham Lincoln by St. Gaudens.
Grant, Sherman & Sheridan by Anderson.
Hudson entering New York Bay by Moran.
Washington's farewell to the army—Andrew C. Gow.
The Bugler by William Morris Hunt.
The minute man by Daniel C. French.
Col. Shaw memorial by St. Gaudens.
The Spirit of '76 by Willard.
Capital—Washington.
Sherman's march to the sea by Darley.
Battle of Bunker Hill—Trumbull.
Signing declaration of independence by Leutze.
Surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.
Surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga by Trumbull.
Concord bridge.
Battle of Lexington by Albion Harris Bicknell.
Independence Hall—Philadelphia.

PROGRAMS.

In some cases the program may be more or less adapted to the decoration.

In scheme 7, when the Gettysburg speech is used, a part of the time given to the program may be devoted to the reading of *The Perfect Tribute,* by Mary Andrews. This is a gem among the stories of Lincoln and relates particularly to the Gettysburg address. The book may be bought at any bookstore for fifty cents.

With any scheme of decoration in which portraits of Lincoln and Grant are conspicuous, time may well be spent on the reading of *The Toy Shop,* by Margarita Spalding Gerry. In its way, the story is the equal of *The Perfect Tribute,* and time spent on it will be well spent.

The Angel of the Battlefield.

The Sanitary Commission, together with three or four noble, self-sacrificing women, have furnished everything that could be required. I will tell you of one of these women, a Miss Barton, the daughter of Judge Barton, of Boston, Mass. I first met her at the battle of Cedar Mountain, where she appeared in front of the hospital at twelve o'clock at night, with a four-mule team loaded with everything needed, and at a time when we were entirely out of dressings of every kind; she supplied us with everything; and while the shells were bursting in every direction, took her course to the hospital on our right, where she found everything wanting again. After doing everything she could on the field, she returned to Culpepper, where she staid dealing out shirts to the naked wounded, and preparing soup, and seeing it prepared, in all the hospitals. I thought that night if Heaven ever sent out an angel, she must be one, her assistance was so timely. Well, we began our retreat up the Rappahannock. I thought no more of our lady friend, only that she had gone back to Washington. We arrived on the disastrous field of Bull Run; and while the battle was raging the fiercest on Friday, who should drive up in front of our hospital but this same woman, with her mules almost dead, having made forced marches from Washington to the army. She was again a welcome visitor to both the wounded and the surgeons.

The battle was over, our wounded removed on Sunday, and

we were ordered to Fairfax Station; we had hardly got there before the battle of Chantilly commenced, and soon the wounded began to come in. Here we had nothing but our instruments—not even a bottle of wine. When the cars whistled up to the station, the first person on the platform was Miss Barton, to supply us again with bandages, brandy, wine, prepared soup, jellies, meal, and every article that could be thought of. She staid there until the last wounded soldier was placed on the cars, and then bade us good-by and left.

I wrote you at the time how we got to Alexandria that night and next morning. Our soldiers had no time to rest after reaching Washington, but were ordered to Maryland by forced marches. Several days of hard marching brought us to Frederick, and the battle of South Mountain followed. The next day our army stood face to face with the whole force. The rattle of one hundred and fifty thousand muskets, and the fearful thunder of over two hundred cannon, told us that the great battle of Antietam had commenced. I was in a hospital in the afternoon, for it was then only that the wounded began to come in.

We had expended every bandage, torn up very sheet in the house, and everything we could find, when who should drive up but our old friend Miss Barton, with a team loaded down with dressings of every kind, and everything we could ask for. She distributed her articles to the different hospitals, worked all night making soup, all the next day and night; and when I left, four days after the battle, I left her there ministering to the wounded and the dying. When I returned to the field hospital last week, she was still at work, supplying them with delicacies of every kind, and administering to their wants—all of which she does out of her own private fortune. Now, what would you think of Miss Barton? In my feeble estimation, General McClellan, with all his laurels, sinks into insignificance beside the true heroine of the age—the angel of the battle-field.

—Surgeon James L. Dunn (1862). From "Romance of the Civil War."

The Fisherman of Beaufort.

The tide comes up, and the tide goes down,
  And still the fisherman's boat,
At early dawn and at evening shade,
  Is ever and ever afloat:
His net goes down, and his net comes up,
  And we hear his song of glee,
"De fishes dey hates de ole slave nets,
  But comes to de nets ob de free."

The tide comes up, and the tide goes down,
  And the oysterman below
Is picking away, in the slimy sands,
  In the sands of de long ago.
But now if an empty hand he bears,
  He shudders no more with fear,
There's no stretching board for the aching bones,
  And no lash of the overseer.

The tide comes up, and the tide goes down,
  And ever I hear a song,
As the moaning winds, through the moss-hung oaks,
  Sweep surging ever along.
"O massa white man! help de slave,
  And de wife and chillen too,
Eber dey'll work, wid de hard worn hand,
  Ef e'll gib 'em de work to do."

The tide comes up, and the tide goes down,
  But it bides no tyrant's word,
As it chants unceasing the anthem grand
  Of its Freedom, to the Lord.
The fisherman floating on its breast
  Has caught up the key-note true,
"De sea works, massa, for't sef and God,
  And so must de brack man too.

"Den gib him de work, and gib him de pay,
  For de chillen and wife him love,
And de yam shall grow, and de cotton shall blow,
  And him nebber, nebber rove;
For him love de ole Carlina State,
  And de ole magnolia-tree:
Oh! nebber him trouble de icy Norf,
  Ef de brack folks—am go free."

—*Mrs. Frances D. Gage.*

Recruits.

The old disputes are passed away;
But there are heroes still
As bold as they to seek the fray
An' feel the battle thrill.
Reprove their hungerin' for fame—
But own when all is done,
That boys of '98's the same
As boys of '61.

It ain't no use ter stan' an' chide,
When war is in the air.
You waste your efforts to deride
Their talk of bein' there.
Remember, when ye sort o' blame
The way their feelin's run,
That boys of '98's the same
As boys of '61.

It makes ye sad ter see them chaps
So eager fur a foe,
'Twould make ye sorryer, perhaps,
If they were 'fraid ter go.
Ye tell 'em war's a dangerous game;
That murder's in each gun—
But boys of '98's the same
As boys of '61.

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The Brave at Home.

The maid who binds her warrior's sash,
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,—
Though Heaven alone records the tear,
And fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As e'er bedewed the field of glory.

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
'Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,—
What though her heart be rent asunder,
Doomed nightly, in her dreams, to hear
The bolts of death around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle.

The mother who conceals her grief,
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she presses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor.

—*Thomas Buchanan Read.*

Co. K.

There's a cap in the closet,
  Old, tattered, and blue,
Of very slight value,
  It may be to you;
But a crown, jewel-studded,
  Could not buy it today,
With its letters of honor,
  Brave "Co. K."

The head that it sheltered
  Needs shelter no more!
Dead heroes make holy
  The trifles they wore;
So, like chaplet of honor,
  Of laurel and bay,
Seems the cap of the soldier,
  Marked "Co. K."

Bright eyes have looked calmly
  Its visor beneath,
O'er the work of the reaper,
  Grim harvester Death!
Let the muster-roll, meagre,
  So mournfully say,
How foremost in danger
  Went "Co. K."

Whose footsteps unbroken
  Came up to the town,
Where rampart and bastion
  Looked threat'ningly down?
Who, closing up breaches,
  Still kept on their way,
Till guns, downward pointed,
  Faced "Co. K?"

Like cameras awful,
  Stood cannon aloof,
Till the signal was given
  To strike off a proof
Of the soul of the soldier,
  To send up to Him,
(Pray God, that he know it,
  Though bloody and dim.)

Who faltered, or shivered?
  Who shunned battle-stroke?
Whose fire was uncertain?
  Whose battle-line broke?
Go, ask it of History,
  Years from to-day,
And the record shall tell you,
  Not "Co. K."

Though my darling is sleeping
  Today with the dead,
And daisies and clover
  Bloom over his head,
I smile through my tears
  As I lay it away—
That battle worn cap,
  Lettered "Co. K."

—*Selected.*

The Hero of Fort Wagner.

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* * * * * * *

We were repulsed from the Fort, you know,
  And saw our heroes fall,
Till the dead were piled in bloody heaps
  Under the frowning wall.

Yet crushed as we were and beaten back,
  Our spirits never bowed;
And gallant deeds that day were done
  To make a soldier proud.

Brave men were there, for their country's sake
  To spend their latest breath;
But the bravest was one who gave his life
  And his body after death.

No greater words than his dying ones
  Have been spoken under the sun;
Not even his, who brought the news
  On the field at Ratisbon.

I was pressing up, to try if yet
  Our men might take the place,
And my feet had slipped in his oozing blood
  Before I saw his face.

His face! it was black as the skies o'er-head
  With the smoke of the angry guns;
And a gash in his bosom showed the work
  Of our country's traitor sons.

Your pardon, my poor boy! I said,
  I did not see you here;
But I will not hurt you as I pass;
  I'll have a care; no fear!

He smiled; he had only strength to say
  These words, and that was all:
"I'm done gone, Massa; step on me;
  And you can scale the wall!"

—*Alice Cary.*

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The Young Patriot.

One more absent,
The battle done;
One more left us,
Victory won.

One more buried
Beneath the sod;
One more standing
Before his God.

Lay him low, lay him low,
Ere the morning break;
Sorrow not, sorrow not,
He minds not heart-ache.

He is one, he is one
Of that noble band
Who have fought, who have died,
For their fatherland.

He needs no tears;
An angel now,
A saintly crown
Upon his brow.

We should not weep
That he is gone;
With *us* 'tis night,
With *him* 'tis morn.

—*Selected.*

Dirge for One Who Fell in Battle.

Room for a soldier! lay him in the clover;
He loved the fields and they shall be his cover;
Make his mound with hers who called him once her lover:
Where the rain may rain upon it,
Where the sun may shine upon it,
Where the lamb hath lain upon it;
And the bee will dine upon it.

Bear him to no dismal tomb under city churches;
Take him to the fragrant fields, by the silver birches,
Where the whippoorwill shall mourn where the oriole perches:
Make his mound with sunshine on it,
Where the bee will dine upon it,
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
And the rain will rain upon it.

* * * * * * * * * *

"Captain" or "Colonel,"—whatever invocation
Suit our hymn the best, no matter for thy station,—
On thy grave the rain shall fall from the eyes of a mighty nation!
Long as the sun doth shine upon it
Shall grow the goodly pine upon it,
Long as the stars do gleam upon it
Shall memory come to dream upon it.

—*Atlantic Monthly (1861).*

Near the Heavenly Camp-Ground.

Recitation: (A boy dressed in the costume of an old soldier enters and recites.)

Fewer the comrades year by year,
  Fainter the camp fires glow,
Farther away sounds the old war cry,
  And the groans of the conquered foe.

Ah! We soldiers are old and weary,
  Our ranks are growing thin.
Few from that grand old army are left
  To fight in life's battle and din.

The heavenly camp ground we are near!
  Thousands who fought are there.
I seem to hear their old war songs,
  As aloft the standard they bear.

And the soft May breeze is singing, sighing,
  Through God's green tents today;
Waving, bowing, swaying, bending,
  O'er graves of the blue and the gray.

Foes we were in the years long past,
  Now friends in Union true;
And the tie that binds our loyal love
  Is the red, the white, and blue.

Enter eight pupils, each carrying the flowers of which he speaks. The first pupil leads, and with muffled drumsticks beats time softly.

All repeat.—

We go today with solemn tread,
  In May-time's fairest hours,
To deck each brave, true soldier's grave
  With purest, sweetest flowers.

1. I carry deep-blue violets;
  Of faithfulness these speak.
For faithful soldiers, true and brave,
  I'll take these flowers meek.

2. I've but a bunch of fresh elm leaves;
  Of patriots these tell,
Who marched, fought, suffered, won,
  'Midst furious shot and shell.

3. I bring these lilies, sweet and pure;
  O ring, each fragrant bell!
Ring of deeds so brave, so great,
  Of our Grand Army tell.

4. Syringa flowers I bring to-day;
  'Tis memory's reverent flower.
From year to year we'll keep alive
  Memorial Day's fair hour.

5. And sweetest roses, bending low,
Shall deck the soldier's bed;
For these bring love from our young hearts,
Love for our honored dead.

6. And these oak leaves, for bravery,
I'll place upon a mound;
They tell of brave and loyal deeds
On our country's battle ground.

7. And the laurel wreath lay tenderly,
Its glory shall not fade,
But ever more shall brightly tell
Where our heroes all are laid.
—*Ella M. Powers in N. E. Journal of Education.*

A Tribute and a Pledge.

Child rises and says: The man that wears the bronze button is the man I honor. Let us pay a tribute to him now.

All the pupils rise and recite in concert:
Here's to the man who dared for us
To do things great and brave,
Who left his home and all most dear
His country's name to save.

Boys recite following stanza
God grant that in the coming years
When we to manhood grow,
We'll give our land true service,
Our hearts with love aglow.

All.—
So here we pledge our hearts, our hands,
Our minds, and all we are
To our fatherland, forevermore,
In time of peace or war.
—*School Century.*

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What Can Little Children Do?

By Laura F. Armitage.

First child.—
What can the little children do,
When Decoration Day is here,
To show their love for soldiers brave
Who, fighting for their country, gave
The life that was to them so dear?

Second child.—
We'll bring the lovely flowers of spring
That in the fields and gardens grow,
And on the soldiers' graves to-day
Our garlands we will gladly lay,
Our loving thoughts of them to show.

Third child.—
We'll raise aloft the "stars and stripes"
On this Memorial Day, to show
We honor those who for it bled.
Some now are living, many dead,
For this was many years ago.

Fourth child.—
We'll sing our patriotic songs;
We'll truly sing with heart and voice,
And to our country we'll be true,
And honor our "red, white, and blue,"
And in our freedom we'll rejoice.

—*Journal of Education.*

For Me and You.

Four hundred thousand men—
The brave—the good—the true,
In tangled wood, in mountain-glen,
On battle plain, in prison pen,
Lie dead for me and you!
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Have made our ransomed soil their grave
For me and you!
Good friends for me and you!

A debt we ne'er can pay,
To them is justly due,
And to the nation's latest day,
Our children's children still shall say,
"They died for me and you!"
Four hundred thousand of the brave,
Made this, our ransomed soil, their grave,
For me and you!
Good friends, for me and you!

—*Selected.*

"Oh, banners drooping, old and torn,
By thousands through the carnage borne,
Around ye, struck by shot and shell,
The bravest of the nation fell."

The National Ensign.

Behold it! Listen to it! Every star has a tongue; every stripe is articulate. "There is no language or speech where their voices are not heard." There is magic in the web of it. It has an answer for every question of duty. It has a solution for every doubt and perplexity. It has a word of good cheer for every hour of gloom or of despondency.

Behold it! Listen to it! It speaks of earlier and of later struggles. It speaks of victories, and sometimes of reverses, on the sea and on the land. It speaks of patriots and heroes among the living and the dead. But before all and above all other associations and memories, whether of glorious men, or glorious deeds or glorious places, its voice is ever of Union and Liberty, of the Constitution and the Laws.

Behold it! Listen to it! Let it tell the story of its birth to these gallant volunteers, as they march beneath its folds by day, or repose beneath its sentinel stars by night! Let it recall to them the strange, eventful history of its rise and progress; let it rehearse to them the wonderful tale of its trials and its triumphs, in peace as well as in war; and never let it be prostituted to any unworthy or unchristian purpose of revenge, depredation, or rapine.

And may a merciful God cover the head of each one of its brave defenders in the hour of battle!

—*Robert Char'es Winthrop.*

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Story of Our Flag.

H. W. Rood, Patriotic Instructor, G. A. R.

It was away back in ancient times when men began to use flags, or banners. A leader in battle used to wear, in order that his soldiers might know him and rally round him, some mark on his coat or helmet. But in the rush and confusion of battle when the men got all mixed up,—something as boys do now in a lively game of football, this distinguishing mark could not well be seen, so it was sewed upon a piece of cloth and raised up on a staff where it would be in sight. Thus it became a kind of flag, or banner.

Banners in early days came to be used for two different purposes:—first, merely to distinguish a leader in battle or to be the ensign of some man of high rank, in either of which cases it was his personal emblem, or coat of arms; and second, to be held aloft as a symbol of some principle, or idea, or doctrine, to which men held. In these days most of the flags and banners we see have a meaning. Our Stars and Stripes mean *Liberty*, wherever they float. A flag of this kind seems sacred to all who truly believe in the ideas for which it stands.

When in the middle ages the nations of western Europe went on the Crusades to rescue the holy land—Palestine—from the Saracens, they naturally adopted the Cross as the symbol of their belief in Christ and their desire to re-establish Christianity in the land where Christ once lived and taught. Different nations wore upon their armor crosses of various shapes and colors. In this way, tho they were all Crusaders, they were distinguished from one another. The English adopted the Cross of St. George, their patron saint. This was in the form of the plus sign in mathematics +, and was white. The crusaders of Scotland carried the Cross of Saint Andrew, their patron saint. This was, in shape, like the sign of multiplication ×, and that too was white, on a blue field. After the crusades, which took place between the years 1070 and 1295, A. D., the color of the English cross was changed to red, on a white field.

The crusaders had their crosses sewed upon their Sue-coats,—garments worn over their coats of mail. I find in Webster's dictionary that this overcoat was commonly called a *jack*. By adding to this word the syllable *et*, meaning *little*, we have our word *jacket*, a little cut-off coat. When this sign of the cross was sewed, or embroidered, upon a banner and carried upon a staff, it was still called a *jack*; and there were the English jack and the jack of Scotland. In 1707 England and Scotland were formally united, and the two jacks were combined on the same flag, and this flag was called the "Union Jack." In 1801 the Irish cross of Saint Patrick was united with those of Saints George and Andrew, and that flag is now the national flag of Great Britain.

Before the Revolution our American colonies had, of course, the English flag, the union jack. When they began to have trouble with the mother country, and had need to stand by one another in their opposition to English injustice—taxation without representation, and the like, the people came to feel that they should have a flag of their own to symbolize that for which they were united. It may be said here that most of the colonies, and some companies of soldiers, had each a flag or ensign of their own, but there was a demand for a flag that should represent the union of the people of all the colonies.

Now, the merchant vessels of England floated a crimson flag, commonly known as the "Meteor Flag of England." This bore in its upper corner next to the staff the union jack. By suggestion of somebody—it is not likely that anyone will ever know who—the crimson part of this meteor flag had six white stripes put upon it, leaving seven stripes of crimson,—making thirteen in all; and these thirteen stripes were made to represent the thirteen colonies. The union jack was left on the upper corner, with the idea that it too, signified union, as it was intended to do in the beginning.

Now, you must know that at this time many of the colonists still loved the mother country and hoped that by-and-by she would do right by them, and all trouble would cease. So this new flag represented the divided affections of the people. The union jack told of their love for Old England, while the thirteen stripes declared that they loved liberty and justice so well that they were united to fight even their haughty English mother to get both. This flag was called "The Great Union Flag." It

may be a little uncertain as to where it was first hoisted to the breeze, for such things were not so carefully recorded as they should have been; yet it is known to have been raised by Washington's army at Cambridge, near Boston, January 2, 1776. And there was a great ado over the matter, for the soldiers cheered it till their throats were sore, and they fired a salute of thirteen guns to celebrate the occasion withal.

It is not known when this great Union flag was adopted by Congress, or, indeed, whether Congress had anything at all to do with it.

It is a kind of a law concerning flags that when two of them are hoisted, one beneath the other, the lower is considered to be in subjection to the upper. Now, as the union jack was in the upper part of this flag hoisted at Cambridge, and the thirteen stripes rather below the jack, the British officers who were looking at it from over in Boston thot the Yankee army meant their new flag as a sign of submission, and so they sent men over to receive their surrender. It was an amusing mistake on both sides, for the Yankees were just getting well ready to fight for independence. But this incident showed them that they'd better take the union jack off their flag and put something more suitable in its place. Moreover, the feeling of the people was changing, and on the following 4th of July the Congress declared that "these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states." This declaration severed all connection between the colonies and the mother country. Surely they had no use after this for the union jack, so something must be found to take its place.

There are several opinions as to how the Stars got into the place made vacant by the rejection of the union jack. The best thing for me to say, after reading a great deal about it, is that there is nothing certain concerning the matter. But one thing is certain—we have both the Stars and the Stripes, and they make what should be to us the prettiest and the dearest old flag in all the world. It is said that George Washington, with a committee of Congress, went to Mrs. Betsy Ross, an upholsterer in Philadelphia, with the design of the Stars and Stripes and asked her if she could make such a flag. Mrs. Betsey said just what we all ought to say about the doing of a good thing, "I'll try it." She did try, and so made the first Star Spangled Banner. Her work pleased Congress, and some time afterward—

June 14, 1777—that distinguished body of men passed this resolution:

"*Resolved,* that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen Stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen Stars, white on a blue field, representing a new constellation."

In this resolution nothing is said about adding a new star for every new state. In 1791 Vermont was admitted into the Union, and, in 1792, Kentucky. There was, however, no change in the flag,—it still had thirteen stripes and thirteen stars. But in 1794 Congress ordered that, "from and after the first day of May, 1795, the flag of the United States be fifteen Stripes, alternate red and white; and that the Union be fifteen Stars, white on a blue field."

In 1818 there had come to be twenty States in the Union, but there were still fifteen Stars and fifteen Stripes on the flag. It was plain then that more and more states would be coming into the Union, and that there would, unless a change were made, be no meaning in the number of Stripes and Stars. And so Congress, in April of that year, passed:

"An Act to Establish the Flag of the United States.

Section 1. Be it enacted, etc. That from and after the fourth day of July next, the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal Stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union have twenty Stars, white on a blue field.

Section 2. And be it further enacted, That on the admission of every new state into the Union, one Star be added to the union of the flag; and that such addition shall take effect on the fourth of July next succeeding such admission.

Approved April 4, 1818.

Since this date no change has been made in our flag except the addition of a Star every time a new state has been admitted into the Union. We now have forty-six stars, the last having been put upon the flag on the 4th day of last July, to stand for our newest state, Oklahoma.

At the beginning of our Civil War, in April, 1861, we had thirty-four states. Tho eleven of them seceded, Uncle Sam did not consider them out of the Union, and so the flag under which our soldiers fought in that war, bore thirty-four Stars till the fourth of July, 1863, when the thirty-fifth was added for the western part of Virginia, which made a state under the name of West Virginia, when also, on July 4th, 1864, the thirty-sixth

Star was added on account of the new state of Nevada. How many Stars do you think we shall have fifty years from now?

There is much more in the story of our flag than I have been able to tell. I know I am the more interested in the Stars and Stripes and all they mean for having made the matter a subject of study. I hope you will become more interested in our starry banner and love it the better because of even this litt'e bit of history.

"Shine on, then Old Glory, shine on till the day,
When the last of earth's tyrants is under the sod;
And then fade, like the stars of the morning, away,
In the holier light of the Kingdom of God."

No Slave Beneath the Flag.

No slave beneath that starry flag,
The emblem of the free!
No fettered hand shall wield the brand
That smites for liberty!
No tramp of servile armies
Shall shame Columbia's shore,
For he who fights for freedom's rights
Is free for evermore!

No slaves beneath these glorious folds
That o'er our fathers flew,
When every breath was dark with death,
But every heart was true!
No serfs of earth's old empires
Knelt 'neath its shadow then;
And they who now beneath it bow,
For evermore are men!

* * * * * *

Go tell the brave of every land,
Where'er that flag has flown—
The tyrant's fear, the patriot's cheer,
Through every clime and zone—
That now no more forever
Its stripes are slavery scars;
No tear-drops stain its azure plain
Nor dim its golden stars!

No slave beneath that grand old flag!
Forever let it fly,
With lightning rolled in every fold,
And flashing victory!
God's blessing breathe around it!
And when all strife is done,
May freedom's light, that knows no night,
Make every star a sun!

—*George Lansing Taylor.*

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Wisconsin State Flag.

H. W. Rood.

The question is often asked, "Does Wisconsin have a state flag besides our national banner, the Stars and Stripes?" The boys and girls in our schools may be interested in knowing that we do have such a flag. It was adopted by our state legislature in a joint resolution approved by Governor Salomon on the 25th day of March, 1863, and which is still in force. This is a copy of it:

"*Resolved,* by the Senate, the Assembly concurring, that the following be and is hereby adopted as the design for a State flag for the State of Wisconsin:

"State flag to be of dark blue silk, with the arms of the State of Wisconsin painted or embroidered in silk on the obverse side, and the arms of the United States, as prescribed in paragraph 1435 of 'New Army Regulations,' painted or embroidered in silk on the reverse side; the name of the regiment, when used as a regimental flag, to be in a scroll beneath the state arms.

"The size of the regimental colors to be six feet, six inches fly, and six feet deep on the pike; the length of pike for said colors, including spear and ferule, to be nine feet ten inches; the fringe, yellow; cords and tassels, blue and white silk intermixed.

"Approved March 25, 1863."

In the civil war our regiments carried two flags, one the Stars and Stripes, the other this State Banner. One of them was about as familiar to us then as the other, and both are now preserved among our sacred war relics with equal care by the state. Our militia regiments in Wisconsin now carry flags just like those we used in the civil war, except that the state flag is a little smaller—"five feet six inches fly, and four feet four inches on the pike, which shall be nine feet long, including spearhead and ferule."

I do not know that our state flag is anywhere in use, except in connection with the several regimental colors. I think, however, that it would be a good plan to put it into more common use. Why should not our schools take real pride in the possession of a Wisconsin state flag? Our "Badger State" is, in many

respects, one of the first in progress and importance, and our state banner stands for the best there is in it.

The Flag Salute.

There are two forms of salutes, or pledges, given as follows:—

1. When the salute is to be given, at a signal from the teacher, all the pupils rise. The boy or girl who has been selected for color-bearer then brings the flag to the front, and, after it is in place, at a sign from the teacher the pupils raise their right hands, palms downward, to a level with their foreheads, and repeat in concert this pledge:—

> *"I pledge allegiance to my Flag and to the Republic for which it stands,—one Nation, indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for all."*

At the words, "to my Flag," every one will extend his right hand gracefully, palm upward, toward the flag, and hold it there till the pledge is given, then lower it to the side. While thus standing, all will unite in singing our National Hymn, "My Country 'tis of Thee."

In some schools where the children are quite small, the silent salute is practiced, as follows:—At a signal from the teacher, as the flag reaches its station by the teacher's desk, every little one will raise his hand, palm downward, to a horizontal position tip of front finger touching the forehead and hold it there while the flag is "dipped" and returned to a vertical position. Then at a second signal, the hand is lowered to the side. This silent salute corresponds pretty nearly to the military and naval salute to the flag.

2. Some have thought that in schools where the children are too young to understand the meaning of the words *allegiance* and *indivisible,* a simpler form of pledge should be given, as follows:—

> *"We give our heads and our hearts to God and our Country,—One Country, One Language, One Flag."*

—H. W. Reed, in the Wisconsin Memorial Day Annual, 1908.

Union and Liberty.

Flag of the heroes who left us their glory,
  Borne through their battlefields' thunder and flame,
Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
  Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!

  Up with our banner bright,
  Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore;
  While through the sounding sky
  Loud rings the Nation's cry,—
  Union and Liberty!—one evermore!

Light of our firmament, guide of our nation,
  Pride of her children, and honored afar,
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation
  Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!

Empire unsceptered! what foe shall assail thee,
  Bearing the standard of Liberty's van?
Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,
  Striving with men for the birthright of man!

Lord of the universe! shield us and guide us,
  Trusting thee always, through shadow and sun!
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
  Keep us, oh keep us the Many in One!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

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Our Flag is There.

Written by an American naval officer, 1812.

Our flag is there, our flag is there,
  We'll hail it with three loud huzzas.
Our flag is there, our flag is there,
  Behold the glorious Stripes and Stars.
Stout hearts have fought for that bright flag,
  Strong hands sustained it mast-head high,
And, oh, to see how proud it waves,
  Brings tears of joy in every eye.

That flag has stood the battle's roar,
  With foemen stout, with foemen brave;
Strong hands have sought that flag to lower,
  And found a speedy, watery grave.
That flag is known on every shore,
  The standard of a gallant band;
Alike unstained in peace or war,
  It floats o'er Freedom's happy land.

Proudly Wave.

Proudly wave o'er land and sea
Glorious flag of liberty;
Valiant souls have died for thee,
    Fighting for the right;
Proudly wave, nor cease to reign
While there yet remains one stain,
Or one error to unchain,
    Wrong to bring to light.

Never shall thy glory pale
Till the stars of heaven fail,
And shall cease oppression's wail
    On this wide, wide world.
God of Nations, be our Guide,
Truth and right our country's pride,
Great our land, let love abide
    Till the heav'ns are furled.

—*Will J. Massingham in "Lake Superior and Other Poems."*

The Banner of the Union.

(Air:—"Marching Through Georgia.")

Bring the good old banner, boys, the flag our fathers bore,
Let it float across the land and shimmer on the shore
Liberty is marching on to many conquests more,
Bearing the banner of the Union.

Chorus.

Hurrah! hurrah! we'll bring the jubilee;
Hurrah! hurrah! the flag that makes us free;
So we'll sing the chorus of truth and liberty,
Bearing the banner of the Union.

How the nation thundered when that flag was menaced long,
How the boys enlisted and the girls grew bold and strong,
How the hosts of victory triumphant swept along,
Bearing the banner of the Union.

Rally 'round the colors, boys, and keep them at the fore,
Take your stand for liberty and fight for battles o'er,
True to home and freedom, ever loyal to the core,
Bearing the banner of the Union.

Written for the Acme Haversack by Kate Brownlee Sherwood.

In Betsy Ross's Time.

A Play for Flag Day.

Characters.—Betsy Ross, Uncle Sam, Thirteen Little Girls (Representing Thirteen Colonies).

Costumes.—Betsy Ross, gray dress, Quaker style, white cap and kerchief; Uncle Sam in regulation dress; Thirteen Girls in white.

Arrangements.—Table and chair; work basket for Betsy Ross, with needle, thread, scissors, etc. (Several needles to be threaded to guard against Betsy's nervousness.) Scraps of red, white and blue scattered about on table with work basket. Thirteen scarfs of red and white bunting, each about one yard long. Large flag with stripes and empty blue field. (This is made previously.) The field dotted in thirteen places for Betsy Ross to know where to sew the stars.

Stage to be arranged at one side to allow room for Colonies' drill.

(Songs to be introduced at pleasure of teacher.)

Betsy Ross seated by table with large flag in her lap, sewing. Uncle Sam standing by her side.

UNCLE SAM. Good morning, Mistress Betsy Ross, I see you are hard at work.

BETSY ROSS. Yes, General Washington has asked me to make a flag for our great country, and I am trying these red and white stripes and this blue field.

UNCLE SAM. I think that will be beautiful. (*Soft music, march time, heard.*) But who comes here? I believe it is our thirteen colonies, just the ones we have now when our flag is being made.

(Enter thirteen girls each carrying a white star. If not all about one size, two largest, first, and so on down to Delaware, who is unaccompanied. March to Uncle Sam and Betsy Ross. First two speak, next two, and so on. As they speak they place stars in Betsy Ross's lap.

"Pennsylvania and New York send these stars to lie
On the blue field, as in the bright sky."

"New Hampshire and Rhode Island ask if these stars white
Are not clear, beautiful, and bright?"

"Virginia and Maryland say these pointers five,
Will make the flag seem truly alive."

"These two white ones, Connecticut and Massachusetts say,
Will make Old Glory as bright as day."

"North and South Carolina send these two beautiful ones
As ordered by brave General Washington."

"Georgia and New Jersey ask if you will permit Uncle Sam
To add these two—dear little ma'am!"

"Delaware, although a little state,
Hopes her star is not too late."

BETSY ROSS. I am sure you have brought me just what I wanted. Now if you will entertain Uncle Sam a while you may each have a piece of our glorious flag.

As colonies finish speaking they retire to position for drill, first four forming line at back, next four in front of these, and so on. Delaware (smallest girl) takes position in front, alone.

The Drill (Waltz time).

FIRST MOVEMENT. Scarfs held at ends in each hand, swung to right, right hand high, left low; then to left, left hand high, and so on.

SECOND. Same as first only diagonally to right and left. (This movement can be prolonged by swinging diagonally *back* right and left, but I found this confused first year children.)

THIRD. Join hands with girl next, raise joined hands, forming arch of bunting; swing gracefully. (*While the others are doing this Delaware will hold scarf out in front of her at arm's length without motion.*)

FOURTH. Scarfs thrown around neck, arms crossed lightly and held out from breast, with scarf end held in right hand 'aid on left arm and vice versa, while body sways to music.

FIFTH. Scarfs still around neck crossed on breast, held with left hand, right foot diagonally to right and right hand, shading eyes, body thrown forward, whole position to indicate looking off in the distance. Same to left with right hand on chest, left foot pointed, and left hand shading eyes.

SIXTH. Scarfs held back of body and down, point right toe diagonally forward to right, and bring end of scarf in right hand around to rest on right knee. Same to left—with left toe pointing and end of scarf in left hand brought around to rest on left knee.

FINALE. Colonies form tableau by kneeling sufficiently removed from each other to c'asp ends of flags and thus form one long scarf at the back of each line. Better still, if curtain is used, drop the curtain for a moment and upon raising—colonies are kneeling as described, with Betsy Ross and Uncle Sam holding finished flag back and above colonies.—*Sara E. Kirk, Belmont School, Philade'phia, in Primary Education.*

By permission.

Many Flags in Many Lands.

First pupil.—
There are many flags in many lands
There are flags of every hue;
But there is no flag however grand,
Like our own "Red, White, and Blue."

Second pupil.—
I know where the prettiest colors are,
And I'm sure if I only knew
How to get them here, I could make a flag,
Of glorious "Red, White, and Blue."

Third pupil.—
I could cut a piece from an evening sky,
Where the stars were shining through,
And use it just as it was on high,
For my stars and field of blue.

Fourth pupil.—
Then I'd want a part of fleecy cloud,
And some red from a rainbow bright;
And put them together side by side,
For my stripes of red and white.

Fifth pupil.—
We shall always love the "Stars and Stripes"
And we mean to be ever true
To this land of ours and the dear old flag,
The "Red, the White, and the Blue."

All.—
Then hurrah for the flag, our country's flag,
Its stripes and white stars, too;
There is no flag in any land
Like our own "Red, White, and Blue."

—*Selected.*

Exercise "The American Flag."

(Three Girls.)

All—We wear to-day the colors
To which our men were true;
Long may they wave above us,
The red, the white, the blue.

Red—Bright as the rays of morning,
When comes the dawn's first gleam,
Within our much-loved banner
The crimson bars are seen.

White—Pure as the snowflakes falling
Or early morning light,
Among the bars of crimson
Appear the bars of white.

Blue—Bright as the sky at evening
When gleam the stars of night,
The blue within our banner
Enfolds the stars of white.

All—And the red, white, and blue
Forever "shall wave
O'er the land of the free
And the home of the brave."

(School) Sing.

Three cheers for the red, white, and blue,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue;
The Union, the Union forever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

—*Colorado Flag Day Annual.*

Our Colors.

(Exercise for three pupils suitably dressed.)

RED! 'tis the hue of the battle,
The pledge of victory;
In sunset light, in northern night,
It flashes brave and free.
"Then paint with red thy banner,"
Quoth Freedom to the land,
"And when thy sons go forth to war,
This sign be in their hand."

WHITE! 'tis the sign of purity,
Of everlasting truth;
The snowy robe of childhood,
The stainless mail of youth.
Then paint with white thy banner,
And pure as northern snow
May these thy stately children
In truth and honor go.

BLUE! 'tis the tint of heaven,
The morning's gold-shot arch,
The burning deeps of noontide,
The stars' unending march.
Then paint with blue thy banner,
And bid thy children raise
At daybreak, noon, and eventide
Their hymn of love and praise.

All.

VALOR and truth and righteousness,
In threefold strength today
Raise high the flag triumphant,
The banner glad and gay.
"And keep thou well thy colors,"
Quoth freedom to the land,
"And 'gainst a world of evil
Thy sons and thou shall stand."

—*Laura E. Richards in Youth's Companion.*

Centennial of Lincoln's Birth.

For general remarks on the celebration of the Lincoln centennial, see page 4. A suggestive program is given on page 11. This may be consulted as an aid in arranging a program or used with such modification as circumstances may require. It would be a wise resolution on the part of teachers and in entire accord with the significance of the occasion, to make this the most impressive celebration of the school year.

Lincoln, the Man.

Kindly spirit!—Ah, when did treason
    Bid such generous nature cease,
Mild by temper and strong by reason,
    But ever leaning to love and peace?

A head how sober!—a heart how spacious!
    A manner equal with high or low;
Rough, but gentle; uncouth, but gracious;
    And still inclining to lips of woe.

Patient when saddest, calm when sternest,
    Grieved when rigid for justice's sake;
Given to jest, yet ever in earnest
    If aught of right or truth were at stake.

Simple of heart, yet shrewd therewith;
    Slow to resolve, but firm to hold;
Still with parable and with myth
    Seasoning truth like Them of old;
Aptest humor and quaintest pith!
    (Still we smile o'er the tales he told.)

Yet who so might pierce the guise
    Of mirth in the man we mourn
Would mark, and with grieved surprise,
    All the great soul had borne,
In the piteous lines, and the kind sad eyes,
    So dreadfully wearied and worn.

* * * * * * * * * *

The Land's great lamentations,
    The mighty mourning of cannon,
    The myriad flags half mast
The late remorse of the nations,
    Grief from Volga to Shannon!
    (Now they know thee at last.)

—From "Ode On Lincoln," by Henry Howard Brownell.

The Proclamation.

"I order and declare that all persons held as slaves in the said designated States and parts of States are and hereafter shall be free, * * * and I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary self-defence."

—*Abraham Lincoln.*

* * * * * * * * * *

O dark, sad millions, patiently and dumb
Waiting for God, your hour, at last, has come,
And freedom's song
Breaks the long silence of your night of wrong!

Arise and flee! shake off the vile restraint
Of ages! but, like Ballymena's saint,
The oppressor spare,
Heap only on his head the coals of prayer!

Go forth like him! like him, return again,
To bless the land whereon in bitter pain
Ye toiled at first,
And heal with freedom what your slavery cursed!

—*Whittier (1863).*

Abraham Lincoln.

This man whose homely face you look upon,
Was one of Nature's masterful great men;
Born with strong arms, that unfought battles won;
Direct of speech and cunning with the pen.

Chosen for large designs, he had the art
Of winning with his humor, and he went
Straight to his mark, which was the human heart;
Wise, too, for what he could not break, he bent.

Upon his back a more than Atlas-load,
The burden of the Commonwealth, was laid:
He stooped, and rose up to it, though the road
Shot suddenly downwards, not a whit dismayed.

Hold, warriors, councilors, kings!—all now give place
To this dear benefactor of the Race.

—*R. H. Stoddard.*

LINCOLN'S BIRTHPLACE

"He touched the log cabin, and it became the palace in which greatness was nurtured."

STATUE OF LINCOLN BY ST. GAUDENS

Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

The Second Inauguration.

"Rain prevailed during the morning of inauguration day, but before noon it had ceased falling. The new Senate, convened for a special session, was organized, and Andrew Johnson sworn in its presence into the office of Vice-president. Shortly after twelve o'clock, Mr. Lincoln entered the chamber and joined the august procession, which then moved to the eastern portico. As Mr. Lincoln stepped forward to take the oath of office, a flood of sunlight suddenly burst from the clouds, illuminating his face and form as he bowed to the acclamations of the people. Speak-

ing of this incident next day, he said, 'Did you notice that sunburst? It made my heart jump.'

Cheers and shouts rent the air, as the President prepared to speak his inaugural. He raised his arm, and the crowd hushed to catch his opening words. He paused, as though thronging memories impeded utterance; then, in a voice clear and strong, but touched with pathos, he read that imperishable composition."

Second Inaugural Address.

Fellow Countrymen: At this second appearing to take the oath of presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it—all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide effects, by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

One eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war; while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it. Neither party

expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any man should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered—that of neither has been answered fully.

The Almighty has his own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses, for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offenses come, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just, a lasting, peace among ourselves and with all nations,

Quotations from Lincoln.

The Union must be preserved.

I believe this government cannot permanently endure half slave and half free.

If our sense of duty forbid slavery, then let us stand by our duty, fearlessly and effectively.

Having thus chosen our course, without guile and with pure purpose, let us renew our trust in God and go forward without fear and with manly hearts.

If this country cannot be saved without giving up the principle of Liberty, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it.

To sell or enslave any captured person on account of his color and for no offense against the laws of war, is a relapse into barbarism and a crime against the civilization of the age.

Gold is good in its place; but living, patriotic men are better than gold.

God must like common people or he would not have made so many of them.

Let us have that faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.

The reasonable man has long since agreed that intemperance is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of all evils among mankind.

I do not wish to triumph over any man.

I have never wilfully planted a thorn in any man's bosom.

No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty.

The purposes of the Almighty are perfect and must prevail, though we erring mortals may fail to accurately perceive them in advance.

Lincoln's Explanation of His Attitude on Slavery.

From a letter written to A. G. Hodges, Esq., Frankfort, Ky., a member of a delegation from that state. This letter was written at the request of Mr. Hodges, that the President place in writing what he had expressed verbally.

I am naturally anti-slavery. If slavery is not wrong nothing is wrong. I can not remember when I did not so think and feel, and yet I have never understood that the Presidency conferred upon me an unrestricted right to act officially upon this judgment and feeling. It was in the oath I took that I would to the best of my ability preserve, protect, and defend the constitution of the United States * * * and I aver that, to this day, I have done no official act in mere deference to my abstract judgment and feeling on slavery. I did understand, however, that my oath to preserve the constitution to the best of my ability

imposed upon me the duty of preserving, by every indispensable means, that government, that nation, of which that constitution was the organic law. Was it possible to lose the Nation and yet preserve the constitution? By general law life and limb must be protected, yet often a limb must be amputated to save a life; but a life is never wisely given to save a limb * * * I could not feel that to the best of my ability I had even tried to preserve the constitution if, to save slavery, or any minor matter, I should permit the wreck of government, country, and constitution, all together. When, early in the war, General Fremont attempted military emancipation, I forbade it, because I did not then think it an indispensable necessity. When, a little later, General Cameron, then Secretary of War, suggested the arming of the blacks, I objected, because I did not yet think it an indispensable necessity * * * When in March and May and July, 1862, I made earnest and successive appeals to the border states to favor compensated emancipation, I believed the indispensable necessity for military emancipation and arming the blacks would come, unless averted by that measure. They declined the proposition, and I was, in my best judgment, driven to the alternative of either surrendering the Union, and with it, the constitution, or of laying strong hand upon the colored element. I chose the latter * * * and now let any Union man who complains of the measure test himself by writing down in one line, that he is for subduing the rebellion by force of arms, and in the next that he is for taking these hundred and thirty thousand men from the Union side and placing them where they would be but for the measure he condemns. * * * In telling this tale I attempt no compliment to my own sagacity. I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me.

Now at the end of three years' struggle the nation's condition is not what either party, or any man, devised or expected. God alone can claim it. Whither it is tending seems plain. If God now wills the removal of a great wrong, and wills also that we of the North, as well as you of the South, shall pay fairly for our complicity in that wrong, impartial history will find therein new cause to attest and revere the justice and goodness of God.

Selections from the Lincoln-Douglas Debates.

I suppose the real difference between Judge Douglas and his friends and the Republicans is that the judge is not in favor of making any difference between slavery and liberty. Everything that emanates from him or his coadjutors in their course or policy carefully excludes the thought that there is anything wrong in slavery. If you will take the Judge's speeches and select the short and pointed sentences expressed by him—such as his declaration that he doesn't care whether slavery is voted up or down, you will see at once that this is perfectly logical. Judge Douglas declares that if any community wants slavery they have a right to have it. He can say that logically, if he says that there is no wrong in slavery; but if you admit that there is a wrong in it, he cannot logically say that anybody has a right to do wrong.

We are now far into the fifth year since a policy was initiated with the avowed object and the confident promise of putting an end to slavery agitation. Under the operation of that policy, that agitation has not only not ceased, but has constantly augmented. In my opinion it will not cease until a crisis shall have been reached and passed. "A house divided against itself cannot stand." I believe this government cannot endure half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction, or its advocates will push it forward until it shall become alike lawful in all the states, old as well as new, north as well as south.

Lincoln on the Dred Scott Decision—The several points of the Dred Scott decision, in connection with Senator Douglas's "care not" policy, constitute the piece of machinery in its present state of advancement. The working points of that machinery are:

Firstly—That no Negro slave and no descendant of a slave can ever be a citizen of any state. This point is made in order to deprive the Negro of the benefit of that provision in the constitu-

tion which declares that "the citizens of each state shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens of the several states."

Secondly—That neither Congress nor a territorial legislature can exclude slavery from any United States territory. This point is made that individual men may fill up a territory with slaves, without danger of losing them as property and thus enhance the chances of permanency to the institution through all the future.

Thirdly—That whether the holding a negro in actual slavery in a free state makes him free, the United States will not decide, but will leave to be decided by the courts of any slave state the Negro may be forced into by his master.

Put this and that together and we have another nice little niche, which we may ere long see filled with another Supreme Court decision declaring that the constitution does not permit a *state* to exclude slavery from its limits.

IN WHAT SENSE ARE ALL MEN FREE AND EQUAL.

I think the authors of that notable instrument (the Declaration of Independence) intended to include *all* men, but they did not mean to declare all men equal *in all respects*. They did not mean to say all men were equal in color, size, intellect, moral development or social capacity. They defined, with tolerable distinctness, *in what* they consider all men are created equal—equal in certain unalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. This, they said, and this they meant. They did not mean to assert the obvious untruth that all were then actually *enjoying* that equality, or that they *were* about to *confer* it immediately upon them. In fact, they had no power to confer such a boon. They meant simply to *declare the right*, so that the enforcement of it might follow as fast as circumstances should permit. They meant to set up a standard maxim for free society, which should be familiar to all; constantly referred to, constantly labored for, and even, though never perfectly attained, constantly approximated, and thereby constantly spreading and deepening its influence and augmenting the value and happiness of life to all people, of all colors, everywhere.—*The Great Debate, Alton, Oct. 15, 1858.*

Lincoln's Magnanimity Toward Opponents.

So great was Lincoln's magnanimity, and so keen his sense of justice, that he never allowed personal considerations to influence his official acts. It is probably true that it was easy for him to forgive an injury; but in any event, he was incapable of using his position as President to gratify his private resentments. It was once represented to him that a recent appointee to an important office had been bitterly opposed to him politically. "I suppose," said he, "the Judge did behave pretty ugly; but that wouldn't make him any less fit for this place, and I have a Scriptural authority for appointing him. You recollect that while the Lord on Mount Sinai was getting out a commission for Aaron, that same Aaron was at the foot of the mountain making a false god, a golden calf, for the people to worship; yet Aaron got his commission, you know." At another time, when remonstrated with upon the appointment to place of one of his former opponents, he said: "Nobody will deny that he is a first-rate man for the place, and I am bound to see that his opposition to me personally shall not interfere with my giving the people a good officer." And on another occasion of similar character, when remonstrated with by members of his Cabinet, he said: "I can't afford to punish every person who has seen fit to oppose my election. We want a competent man in this office, and I know of no one who could perform the duties better than the one proposed."

—*Everyday Life of Abraham Lincoln.*

Sentiments to the Memory of Lincoln.

He was one of the few great rulers whose wisdom increased with his power and whose spirit grew gentler and tenderer as his triumphs were multiplied.—*Garfield.*

With all his disappointments from failures on the part of those whom he had trusted to command and treachery on the part of those who had gained his confidence but to betray it, I never heard him utter a complaint nor cast a censure for bad conduct or bad faith. It was his nature to find excuses for his adversaries. In his death the nation lost its greatest hero.—*U. S. Grant.*

The life of Lincoln should never be passed by in silence by old or young. He touched the log cabin and it became the palace

in which greatness was nurtured. He touched the forest and it became to him a church in which the purest and noblest worship of God was observed. In Lincoln there was always some quality which fastened him to the people and taught them to keep time to the music of his heart. He reveals to us the beauty of plain backwoods honesty.—*Prof. David Swing.*

Heroic soul, in homely garb half hid,
Sincere, sagacious, melancholy, quaint;
What he endured, no less than what he did,
Has reared his monument and crowned him saint.
—*J. T. Trowbridge.*

He was one whom responsibility educated, and he showed himself more and more nearly equal to duty as year after year laid on him ever fresh burdens. God-given and God-led and sustained we must ever believe him.

—*Wendell Phillips.*

He was warm-hearted; he was generous; he was magnanimous; he was most truly, as he afterward said on a memorable occasion, "with malice toward none, with charity for all."

—*Alexander H. Stephens.*

Mr. Lincoln was not what you would call an educated man. The college that he had attended was that which a man attends who gets up at daylight to hoe the corn, and sits up at night to read the best book he can find, by the side of a burning pine knot. What education he had, he picked up in that way. He had read a great many books; and all the books that he had read, he knew. He had a tenacious memory, just as he had the ability to see the essential thing.

A man of great ability, pure patriotism, unselfish nature, full of forgiveness to his enemies, bearing malice toward none, he proved to be the man above all others for the struggle through which the nation had to pass to place itself among the greatest in the family of nations. —*U. S. Grant.*

Here was a type of the true elder race,
One of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face;
I praise him not; it were too late;
And some innative weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the present gives, and cannot wait,
Safe in himself as in a fate.

So always firmly, he;
He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes.

These are all gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly, earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

Lincoln.

His towering figure, sharp and spare,
Was with such nervous tension strung
As if on each strained sinew swung
The burden of a people's care.

His changing face what pen can draw?
Pathetic, kindly, droll, or stern;
And with a glance so quick to learn
The inmost truth of all he saw.

—*Charles G. Halpine.*

Abraham Lincoln.

Stand like an anvil, when 'tis beaten
With the full vigor of the smith's right arm!
Stand like the noble oak-tree, when 'tis eaten
By the Saperda and his ravenous swarm!
For many smiths will strike the ringing blows,
Ere the red drama now enacting close;
And human insects, gnawing at thy fame,
Conspire to bring thy honored head to shame.

Stand like the firmament, upholden
By an invisible but Almighty hand!
He whomsoever Justice doth embolden,
Unshaken, unseduced, unawed shall stand.
Invisible support is mightier far,
With noble aims, than walls of granite are;
And simple consciousness of justice gives
Strength to a purpose while that purpose lives.

Stand like the rock that looks defiant
Far o'er the surging seas that lash its form!
Composed, determined, watchful, self-reliant,
Be master of thyself, and rule the storm!
And thou shalt soon behold the bow of peace
Span the broad heavens, and the wild tumult cease;
And see the billows, with the clouds that meet,
Subdued and calm, come crouching to thy feet.

—*W. D. Gallagher.*

Kentucky, December, 1862.

Lincoln's Name.

[An exercise for school celebration of Lincoln's Birthday. Each child carries a letter forming the name, Lincoln.]

I carry a letter L and it stands for love;
And a name that is written in glory above;
A name that is honored on land and sea,
That Americans love wherever they be.

I have a letter and all may see,
That it stands for the word, Integrity,
A word which signifies all that is good,
In this man's name it is well understood.

And N is my letter, it means nobleness;
A heart that would listen to all in distress,
A heart full of honor—so noble a name
Is scarce ever found in the annals of fame.

My letter stands plain for sweet Charity,
For such was his nature as all may see;
So noble and kind—he had charity for all;
The rich and the poor—the great and the small.

Round O is my letter—it shows what he hated,—
Oppression is always with cruelty mated.
Oppression his kind heart never could bear.
From a poor backwoods boy to the President's chair.

L comes again for Liberty standing;
Our grand Union armies with Lincoln commanding:
His hand on the helm through the dark years of care;
And Liberty triumphed for Lincoln was there.

N comes again; none other like he;
Honest old Abe, we children love thee.
Thy birthday we honor this cold Winter's day,
And have invited our parents to hear what we say.

All.

We salute thee, and praise thee; thy glories we tell;
A true friend of freedom—a man who could dwell
In the hearts of all people—the bond and the free,
Oh, Abraham Lincoln, all children love thee.

—*Elizabeth D. Jewett in Iowa Special Days.*

Additional Selections for Lincoln's Birthday.

To Be Found in Recent Numbers of the Wisconsin Memorial Day Annual.

POEMS.

Lincoln .....*Selected* .....1908, p. 17
Abraham Lincoln .....*Bryant* .....1908, p. 25
O, Captain! My Captain! .....*Whitman* .....1906, p. 9

PROSE.

How Lincoln Was To Be Paid...*Washington Star*...1908, p. 50
Letter written by Abraham Lincoln to Mrs. Bixby .....1907, p. 28
The Greeley Letter .....*Lincoln* .....1907, p. 35
Abraham Lincoln .....*Choate* .....1906, p. 21
Abraham Lincoln .....*Chas. A. Dana* ....1906, p. 9
First Inaugural Address .....*Lincoln* .....1905, p. 33
Lincoln .....*Ingersoll* .....1905, p. 52

Lincoln.

A Song for the Younger Children.

Air—"Hold the Fort."

O'er the land today is ringing
  Praise of Lincoln's name;
Childish voices now are singing
  Lincoln's glorious fame.

Chorus:

Yes! we love the name of Lincoln;
  Lincoln, good and true;
Under God, he saved the nation;
  Saved for me, for you.

He had sworn to do his duty,
  Sworn to do the right;
And our Flag, in all its beauty,
  Saved from foeman's spite.

Lord! we come to Thee confessing,
  Bound in sin were we;
Lincoln, working with Thy blessing
  Wrought,—and we are free.

—*W. W. Stone, in Nebraska Special Days.*

LINCOLN MEMORIAL SONG.

DUET. Tenor and Alto or Baritone.
Andante.

Words and Music by
M. J. RAWSON.

1. O Lincoln, im-mor - tal, no-ble, and grand, the world has not thy peer;
2. In darkest midnight, in fet-ters and tears, the wea - ry millions lay;
3. A fel-on's foul hand his grand life laid low; his great, kind heart is still;

Thy name is enshrined in our hearts, and to-day thy mem'ry we hold dear.
In deep'ning de-spair they waited and watched the dawning of the day;
For - get-ful of self, but the best good of all his pur-pose to ful - fill,

When clouds of war obscured the sky and drenched our land with blood,
When from his heart there came the thought that flashed from sea to sea,
He died as hundreds brave men died in those dark days of war

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LINCOLN MEMORIAL SONG—Continued.

With him at the helm, "The Ship of State" out-rode the fear ful flood;
And his was the hand that penned the word which made four millions free;
Tho' not in the heat of rag - ing strife, but from the field a - far;

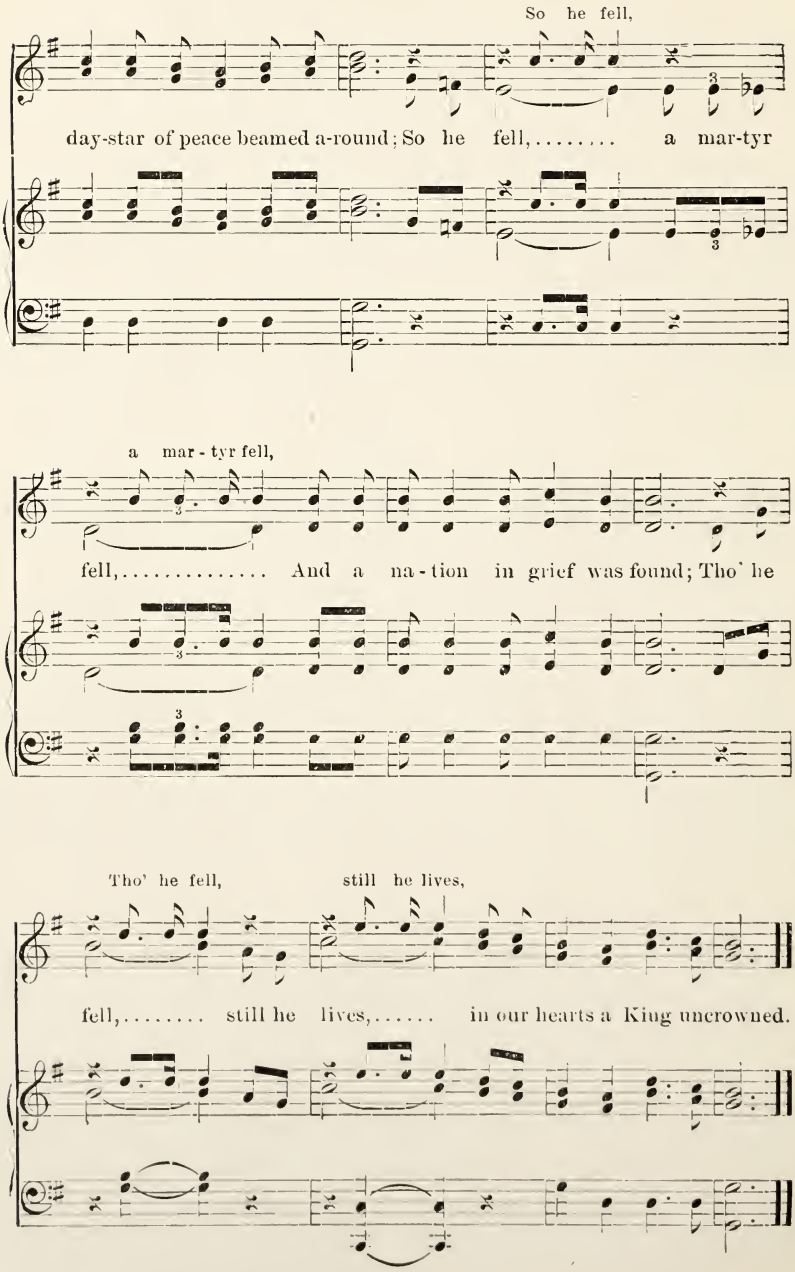
With him at the helm. "The Ship of State" out-rode the fear - ful flood.
And his was the hand that penned the word which made four millions free.
Tho' not in the heat of rag - ing strife. but from the field a - far.

But he fell, a mar - tyr fell,

REFRAIN.

But he fell,... .... a mar-tyr fell,. ..... As the

LINCOLN MEMORIAL SONG—Concluded.



Suggestive Program.

Song.....Keller's American Hymn (page 95)

Short biographical sketch of Lincoln by an older pupil, a patron of the school, or the teacher.

Recitation.....Abraham Lincoln (page 59)

To help make this recitation effective, a picture of Lincoln should be displayed.

Quotations from Lincoln (page 65), by selected pupils

Selections from the Lincoln–Douglas debates (page 67)

To be read as a select reading by a pupil or the various extracts to be read or recited by different pupils.

Song.....Battle Hymn of the Republic

Sentiments to the Memory of Lincoln (page 69)

Select Reading....Lincoln's attitude on the subject of Slavery (page 65)

Recitation.....“The Proclamation,” with poem (page 59)

Exercise by the younger children....Lincoln's Name (page 72)

Select Reading....How Lincoln was to be paid (1908, page 50)

Song.....Lincoln Memorial Song (page 74)

Recitation.....Abraham Lincoln (page 71)

Select Reading.....Second Inaugural Address (page 63)

Recitation.....Captain, My Captain (1906, page 9)

Recitation.....in concert by the upper form pupils Lincoln's Gettysburg Address (page 62)

Song .....America

Selections for Washington's Birthday.

General Warren to His Troops at the Battle of Bunker Hill.

Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye hope for greener graves?
    Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
    Ask it—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look beyond you—they're afire!
    And, before you, see
Who have done it! From the vale
On they come!—and will ye quail?
Leaden rain and iron hail,
    Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may—and die we must;
But, oh, where can dust to dust
    Be consigned so well
As where heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head
    Of his deeds to tell!

—*John Pierpont.*

The March to Yorktown.

October 19, 1781.

Over the Hudson, southward ho!
Where do the northern armies go?
British of Clinton watch and wait,
Safe by their ships, at the harbor gate,
Wait for the battle that never comes;
Southward clatter the "rebel" drums.
Straight and swift as a great arm's blow,
Washington rides with Rochambeau.

Greene has sped, with his matchless men,
Winning the Carolinas again;
Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown lies,
(Girt by the sea, 'neath summer skies,)
Yorktown, where, like a hand of fate,
Lafayette guards the landward gate.
Camps of the South, they cry to know
Whither the northern armies go.

Down thru Trenton, where, one wild night,
River and foe he won in fight,
Washington rides—but why? but where?—
Tracing the line of the Delaware.
Philadelphia! Now, at last,
Flutter the tidings far and fast:
Over the land they know, they know
Whither the northern armies go!

Rattle of arms in the old town streets,
Blithe fife whistles and gay drum beats,
Music of doom, oh, Royal George!
These are the fellows of Valley Forge!
War-worn homespun and wound-scarred brow,
Halt they never for plaudits now;
(More than flowers fair ladies throw),
Onward, onward, the armies go.

British of Yorktown wake too late;
Washington knocks at the landward gate;
Guns of the northmost Hudson speak
Now on the shores of the Chesapeake.
Out from the wreck of his crumbling walls
One brave sortie the Briton calls;
Backward he reels—a beaten foe—
Onward the northern armies go.

Over the land the glad news flies,
Over the earth a wild surprise;
Out of the North (oh, magic shod!
March who fight by the will of God!)
Length of the land, an army hurled,
Strikes with a blow that thrills the world!
On, where the souls of glory go,
Washington rides with Rochambeau.

—*Chester Firkins, in "The Independent,"*

By permission.

Washington's Disappointment.

"A truly noble character exerts a great influence in the building of character."

When George Washington was about eighteen, his half brother Lawrence secured for him from Admiral Vernon, a midshipman's warrant to serve on the beautiful English frigate, *Bellna.*

George was delighted at the prospects of a naval career, and when his uniform was forwarded to him he put it on with an elation he had never known before. It did not occur to him that his widowed mother would positively object to his going to sea. So he announced to her as soon as he arrived at Ferry Farm, the home of Madam Washington, "I have a warrant from Admiral Vernon to serve on the *Bellna,* and my brother Lawrence has been kind enough to forward my uniform from Alexandria."

To his surprise his mother answered: "Your brother doubtless thought he was kind, but I never gave my consent—and I shall never give it."

"I am sorry to hear you say that, dear mother, for as much as I love you, yet I cannot let you choose my course in life."

The mother and son looked at each other, both pale and determined.

The mother in a low voice asked, "Do you intend to disobey me, my son?"

"Do not force me to do it, dear mother. My honor is engaged to Admiral Vernon and my brother. I cannot obey you in this matter."

"You do refuse then, my son?"

"Mother, I must."

"My son, my best beloved child," she cried, tears streaming down her face, "Do not break my heart by leaving me for the perils of the sea. I implore you to change your purpose."

George stood motionless.

His mother sobbed, "I would go on my knees if that would move you."

There was a short pause—then, trembling with emotion, George spoke: "Mother, I will give up my commission."

"God will reward you, my son, for yielding to your mother."

The glorious career of Washington all turned upon this decision. If he had entered the navy, he would not have been in General Braddock's campaign, where his wisdom and bravery won for him the position of Commander-in-Chief of the Colonial Army.

George Washington, in changing his plans, and submitting to a great disappointment in deference to his mother's love, showed greatness of mind.

Those who are stubborn and boast that they never change their views or plans on account of the desires of others are usually narrow, selfish natures that never reach the greatness which is only another name for achieving good for fellow men.

—*Ellery A. Greene.*

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Thirteen Original Colonies and George Washington.

First Child.—I am Virginia; I have given many noble sons to my country, but to-day I wish to speak only of one, the fairest, the most illustrious—Washington.

Second Child.—I am New Jersey, and the elms at Princeton still whisper of his fame.

Third Child.—I am Massachusetts, and his name is still as powerful among my people as when his cannon frowned upon Boston from Dorchester Heights.

Fourth Child.—I am New York, and in my noblest city the first President took his oath of office.

Fifth Child.—I am New Hampshire, and I bring granite from my mountains that his deeds may be written on imperishable tablets.

Sixth Child.—I am Maryland, and my Potomac's stream murmurs ever of love as it glides past his tomb.

Seventh Child.—I am Connecticut, the land of steady habits, and as a model for our children we hold him up whose title was "An Honest Man."

Eighth Child.—I am Rhode Island, and the name of Roger Williams is not more dear to me than the memory of Washington.

Ninth Child.—I am Delaware, and when the ice cracks and booms on my noble river it seems to thunder the story of that Christmas night so long ago.

Tenth Child.—I am North Carolina, and the shade of Francis Marion bids me join in reverence to his valiant leader.

Eleventh Child.—I am South Carolina, and through the storm of war I have kept his memory sacred.

Twelfth Child.—I am Pennsylvania, and the old State House at Philadelphia seems to be filled with his invisible presence.

Thirteenth Child.—I am Georgia, youngest of all, and I bring palms to celebrate his victories.

Virginia.—Let us speak of his truthfulness.

New Jersey.—Let us admire his modesty.

Massachusetts.—Let us praise his courage.

New York.—Let us remember his deeds.

New Hampshire.—Let us emulate his piety.

Maryland.—Honor the statesman!

Connecticut.—The general!

Rhode Island.—The truth-teller!

Delaware.—The hero!

North Carolina.—The Cincinnatus of the West!

South Carolina.—The Father of his Country!

Pennsylvania.—Providence left him childless that his country might call him father.

Georgia.—Then let us speak of him still as "First in War (all joining in), First in Peace, First in the Hearts of His Countrymen."

—Lucia M. Mooney in "Washington Celebrations," published by Edgar S. Werner & Co., New York City.

Like the Minute Men.

Long ago, our teacher says,
  The sturdy Minute Men
Were ready at a moment's call
  To battle bravely then.

Like little Minute Men today
  When duty calls we hear,
Let's battle with our school room tasks
  Through all the busy year.

—Selected.

George Washington.

Recitation for five small boys. Each boy holds in his right hand a card with date, lifting it high while he recites.

First boy.—

1732.

Yes, seventeen hundred thirty-two—
That is the date which I hold here,
And Washington, the great, was born
In February of that year.

Second boy.—

1775.

He swept the land of lord and king,
Before his sword the foeman fled.
The time was seventeen hundred seventy-five
When he stepped to our army's head.

Third boy.—

1783.

In seventeen hundred eighty-three
He saw the strife, the battles done,
A nation born, a land made free,
A country from the tyrant won.

Fourth boy.—

1789.

"Be President!" the people cried;
So first in presidential line
He served our land with love and zeal,
In seventeen hundred eighty-nine.

Fifth boy.—

1799.

In seventeen hundred ninety-nine
Low lay his well-loved head,
While mournful bells and flags half-mast
Told Washington was dead.

All.—

O "first in war and first in peace."
Our Washington, the true, the brave,
We'll ever keep thy mem'ry green,
And ever guard thy honored grave.

—*From Washington Celebrations, published by Edgar S. Werner, New York.*

The moment I heard of America, I loved her. The moment I knew she was fighting for freedom, I burnt with a desire of bleeding for her, and the moment I shall be able to serve her at any time, or in any part of the world, will be the happiest one of my life.—*Lafayette.*

Brief History of the Lafayette Memorial Movement.

The Lafayette Monument is the gift of the school children of America to France, in honor of Lafayette and in recognition and appreciation of the aid rendered by France to this country during the American Revolution. In addition to being one of the world's greatest masterpieces of sculpture, it may be truly regarded as the most sincere and beautiful token of esteem ever extended by one nation to another. It was erected and transferred to the French government under the direction of the Lafayette Memorial Commission.

The patriotism and sentiment of the idea providing that the school children of this great republic should, in the days of its great power and prosperity, contribute their mites to show appreciation and honor to the nation and noble young patriot who came to us with aid in our infancy and in time of direst need, appealed to the public spirit of Americans and the proposal at once found general response. It was believed that such a beautiful gift, coming from such a source and born of such a motive, would be unique among the art trophies of the world, and would provide a true and permanent monument to patriotism and gratitude.

In commemoration of the work, $25,000.00 worth of silver bullion was set aside in the Philadelphia mint under authorization of Congress and coined into a special issue of 50,000 Lafayette dollars. The first coin struck was presented by President McKinley to President Loubet of France, through a special envoy, as a souvenir of the undertaking.

The amount contributed by the children was in the neighborhood of $55,000.00, including an appropriation of $10,000.00 made by the legislature of New York, to represent the school children of that state.

The spontaneity and method of this universal contribution

were remarkable. October 19, 1898 (anniversary of the surrender of Yorktown), was set aside in all of the schools of the country as "Lafayette Day" and a patriotic program rendered, after which the children contributed their pennies for the monument. The real monument fund was thus raised in one day—a united tribute of gratitude and patriotism sent forth as one voice from the children of the entire land.

These documents and the phenomenal success of the movement were a source of gratification to President McKinley, who pronounced the celebration of "Lafayette Day" unique in the annals of the world. He said that the spirit and sincerity of the contributions of the children would make the monument the most precious gift that one nation could offer to another, and that if the people of France should realize the real character of this gift and the motive behind the millions of pennies of the children that made it possible, they would prize it more highly than any of their many magnificent monuments.

That the official representatives of the French people recognized the significance of the gift intended, was revealed by the site which they allotted for the monument. Upon request, they assigned the inner square in the court of the Louvre, a site at one time intended for a heroic monument to Napoleon, and generally pronounced the finest in all Europe. This site was granted to the Commission by governmental decree and designated as "Square Lafayette."

A committee of three of the leading artists of the country, John Quincy Adams Ward, John Lafarge, and George B. Post, was asked and agreed to assume the important work of passing upon competitive designs submitted for the monument and of selecting the sculptor and the architect for its execution, as well as recommending the sum to be paid to each. Paul Wayland Bartlett was finally selected as the sculptor, and Thomas Hastings as architect of the pedestal.

In order to carry out the original plan, to as far as possible impress upon the French people the importance with which the monument was regarded in America and the spirit behind the movement, and to accentuate the representation of the United States government at the Paris Exposition (indeed, it was the chief feature of such representation), it was decided to attend its dedication with as much publicity and ceremony as possible.

To this end the sculptor was urged to execute his task with all speed possible, so that the model of the statue would be ready by July 4, 1900, when it was planned to make the official dedication of the monument the climax of the American participation in the Paris Exposition, and this was done.

A notable program was arranged, including addresses by prominent speakers, French and American, among them President Loubet of France, General Horace Porter, Ambassador of the United States to France, Commissioner-General Peck, and Archbishop Ireland.

Leading officials of the French government, members of the diplomatic corps, ambassadors of the United States to other nations, high prelates of the Church of France, representatives of the schools, descendants of Lafayette, etc., were invited and attended the ceremony, making the occasion most distinguished and of such prestige that reports of the proceedings were not only published in all of the newspapers of France, but in the principal newspapers of Europe and America as well.

The event occurring on the Fourth of July, our national holiday, served as a fitting climax of the movement begun in the hamlet, village and city school houses on "Lafayette Day" and crowned it with splendid success.

At the time when the dedication of the monument was planned, it was believed that the model then raised, after standing the allotted time stipulated by the French authorities for inspection and criticism and receiving the touches of improvement recommended, would be replaced by the finished monument in a very few years—three or four at the outside. The desire of Sculptor Bartlett to use this distinguished commission to execute a masterpiece caused him to devote more time to his task than originally contemplated. This course taken by him, with the approval of artists and of the French authorities, delayed the completion of the monument until this year.

—Abridged from the final report of Robert J. Thompson, Secretary of the Lafayette Memorial Commission.

STATUE OF LAFAYETTE

Selections for Peace Day, May 18.

The Fatherland.

Where is the true man's fatherland?
Is it where he, by chance, was born?
Doth not the yearning spirit scorn
In such scant borders to be spanned?
Oh, yes, his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven, wide and free!

Is it alone where freedom is,
Where God is God, and man is man?
Doth he not claim a broader span
For the soul's love of home than this?
Oh, yes, his fatherland must be,
As the broad heaven, broad and free!

Where'er a human heart doth wear
Joy's myrtle wreath, or sorrow's gyves;
Where'er a human spirit strives
After a life more true and fair,—
There is the true man's birthplace grand:
His is a world-wide fatherland!

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
Where'er one man may help another,—
Thank God for such a birthplace, brother—
That spot of earth is thine and mine;
There is the true man's birthright grand:
His is a world-wide fatherland!

—*James Russell Lowell.*

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The Moral Warfare.

Our fathers to their graves have gone,
Their strife is past, their triumphs won;
But sterner trials wait the race
Which rises in their honored place.

So let it be. In God's own might
We gird us for the coming fight;
And strong in Him whose cause is ours,
In conflict with unholy powers,
We grasp the weapons he has given,
The Light, and Truth, and Love of Heaven.

—*Whittier.*

By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Palace of Peace at the Hague.

Cheer up, my heart, the better day is dawning,
  The better day of which thou dreamedst long,
When, on the god of war no longer fawning,
  Mankind shall sweep away the ancient wrong.

The land which Alva's hordes once desolated,
  Where Dutchmen checked the power of haughty Spain,
Where faith and love of freedom new-created
  The shrines which war had leveled to the plain,

Has now become the holy place of meeting
  Of messengers of good from many lands,
And East and West engage, with friendly greeting,
  In weaving strong world-wide fraternal bands.

Where sabers flashed and belching cannon thundered
  Is heard the music of the builders' toil,
And near the field where Gaul's great captain blundered
  The shrine of Peace now rises from the soil.

Not to sweet notes evoked by bright Apollo,
  Nor Orpheus' lyre, these sacred walls arise,
But rhythmic heart-beats of the world they follow
  By light of love-gleams in the nations' eyes.

The level fields of Holland, water-cinctured,
  Sublimer grow than templed hills of Rome,
And lovelier than Athens, glory tinctured,
  The Hague becomes benignant Justice's home.

Here sovran Law shall dim War's ancient splendor,
  Rebuking with strong truth the nations' wrath;
Here Peace, with gracious mien and accents tender
  Shall lead them onward in her fruitful path.

Then sing, my heart; the glorious day draws nearer,
  When strife no more with blood shall drench the earth,
And, each to all and all to each grown dearer,
  The peoples, glad, shall thrive in wealth and worth.

—*Philip Stafford Moxom.*

By permission of The Independent.

The Cherry Festival of Naumburg.

(A ballad founded on fact.)

Hard by the walls of Naumburg town,
  Four hundred years ago,
Procopius his soldiers led
  To fight their Saxon foe.
The blue sky bent above the earth
  In benediction mute;
The tranquil fields reposed content
  In blossom, grain, and fruit.

But vain the benedicite
  Of tender, brooding sky;
And vainly peaceful, smiling fields
  Gave eloquent reply.
Unsoothed, unmoved, in Nature's calm,
  The Hussite army lay,
A deadly, threatening human storm,
  With Naumburg in its way.

To swift destruction now seemed doomed
  The dear old Saxon town;
Before Procopius the Great
  The strongest walls went down.
But soon upon the soft, calm air,
  Came sound of tramping feet;
The Hussites quickly flew to arms,
  Their hated foe to meet.

Ready they stood to face the charge,
  The great gate opened wide,
And out they poured, not armed men,
  But, marching side by side,
The little children of the town,
  Whose bright eyes met their gaze
With innocence and courage all
  Unversed in war's dread ways.

The men threw all their weapons down
  At sight so strange and fair;
They took the children in their arms,
  They stroked their flaxen hair.
They kissed their cheeks and sweet red lips,
  They told how back at home,
They'd left such little ones as these,
  And then they bade them come

To cherry orchards close at hand,
  And there they stripped the trees
Of branches rich with clustered fruit:
  Their little arms with these
They filled, and with kind words of peace,
  They sent them back to town.
The soldiers then all marched away,
  Nor thought of war's renown.

And now each year at cherry time,
  In Naumburg you may see
The little children celebrate
  This strange, sweet victory.
Once more the sound of tramping feet
  Is heard, as, side by side,
They march throughout the quaint old town,
  In childhood's joyous pride.

Once more they bear within their arms
  Green branches, thro' whose leaves
Ripe cherries gleam, that tell a tale
  More strange than fancy weaves,
About a bloodless battle fought
  Four centuries ago,
When children saved old Naumburg town
  By conquering its foe.

—*American Peace Society, Boston.*

Observance of Peace Day.

Dr. Elmer Ellsworth Brown, U. S. commissioner of education, recommends that the 18th of May be set apart in all American schools as a day of commemoration of the opening of the first Peace Conference at The Hague. Ex-President Cleveland was the first to advocate such an observance, about eleven years ago.

In his latest annual report, State Superintendent Schaeffer of Pennsylvania thus urges the observance of the day:

"The reason for the observance of the 18th of May is not clear to the average American until he is reminded that the first Peace Conference at The Hague met May 18, 1899. Since that day forty-five treaties have been made between various nations, binding them hereafter to settle their disputes by arbitration.

"The school can aid this peace movement by creating sentiment against the appeal to arms when a dispute arises with another nation. All rulers hesitate to begin an unpopular war. Wars for spoils, for tribute, for the gratification of personal ambition, or for territorial aggrandizement should be condemned. The instruction in history should glorify the victories of peace above those of war. The pupil should be made to see that movements for the uplifting of humanity are of far more consequence than the shedding of blood and the winning of battles. That which makes life worth living is not found in the wearing of a uniform or in the possession of martial glory, but in the personal relations human beings sustain one to another and to their Maker.

"Not only should the 18th of May be observed as the anniversary of a day that marks an epoch in the peace movement, but history should be taught in such a way that the arts of peace will be magnified above the arts of war, and that the pupil will write the name of the inventor, the artist, the philanthropist, the jurist, the educator and the statesman in as conspicuous a position in the temple of fame as that occupied by the victorious admiral or the successful general.

"As soon as teachers and pupils in the public schools fully realize that the farmer who teaches others how to select their seed corn to add millions to the production of the corn belt, is as great a benefactor as any officer that ever led an army to battle; that the woman who enters a hospital as a nurse displays as much heroism as the soldier who faces the cannon's mouth, we shall

have a public sentiment that will prevent the use of the army and the navy, except for police purposes, or for national defence."

"My first wish is to see this plague to mankind banished from the earth, although it is against the profession of arms and would clip the wings of some young soldiers soaring after glory, to see the whole world in peace and the inhabitants striving who should contribute most to the happiness of mankind."—*Washington.*

"Though educated a soldier, and though I have gone through two wars, I have always been a man of peace, preferring to see questions of difference settled by arbitration. It has been my misfortune to be engaged in more battles than any other American general, but there was never a time during my command when I would not have chosen some settlement by reason rather than the sword."—*U. S. Grant.*

National Debts of the Twenty-three Principal Powers.

From summary prepared by the Bureau of Statistics, Department of Commerce and Labor.

Argentina	$479,765,265
Austria-Hungary	1,107,464,025
Belgium	544,052,979
Brazil	510,693,938
Chile	107,304,151
China	613,140,000
Denmark	66,033,849
France	5,856,703,403
Germany and German States	3,296,470,400
Great Britain	3,885,166,333
Italy	2,560,605,000
Japan	1,250,000,000
Mexico	175,945,345
Netherlands	463,150,904
Norway	70,376,355
Portugal	819,885,580
Russia (before the late war)	3,414,061,734
	(Now over four billions.)
Spain	2,061,389,972
Sweden	92,833,336
Switzerland	17,400,567
Turkey	723,125,400
United States	925,011,637
Venezuela	49,335,647

If we add to this the debts of the twenty-three other powers, the total of the national debts of the world is found to be the colossal sum of $34,633,164,406. The significance, in this connection, of this vast sum, the interest on which is over one billion dollars per year, is that practically the whole is chargeable to war and militarism.

From "The Cost of War," by Benjamin F. Trueblood, published by the American Peace Society.

A Precedent for Disarmament.

Hidden away in the archives of the Department of State at Washington is a little document which has attracted but small attention; and yet its effect upon the welfare of two nations has been immense, while its purport is altogether unique. It is an "Arrangement" between the United States and Great Britain, bearing date April 28th, 1817, and signed by Richard Rush, acting as Secretary of State on behalf of this country, and Charles Bagot, Envoy Extraordinary of His Britannic Majesty. The entire contents of this document could easily be copied upon a half-sheet of paper, and it reads in substance as follows:

"The naval force to be maintained upon the American Lakes by the Government of the United States and His Majesty shall henceforth be confined to the following vessels on each side, that is:

"On Lake Ontario, to one vessel not exceeding one hundred tons burthen, and armed with one eighteen-pound cannon;

"On the Upper Lakes, to two vessels (of the same burthen and armament):

"On the waters of Lake Champlain to one vessel (of the same burthen and armament);

"All other armed vessels in these Lakes shall be forthwith dismantled, and no other vessels of war shall be there built or armed."

The war of 1812 had made Lake Erie and Lake Champlain the scenes of bloody conflicts. The people living on the shores of those lakes were for the most part connected by blood and traditions, and the war was in character almost a civil war. It was clearly desirable to prevent such conflicts, if possible, in the future; and to some wise and humane statesman the happy idea occurred of removing, or reducing to a minimum, the instruments of strife, recognizing the fact, proclaimed by Victor Hugo, that the chief cause of war is to be found in the armaments of nations.

It can hardly be denied that naval men desire naval war. They would not be worth their salt if they did not. When the lawyer actually wishes for the abolition of litigation, when the physician prays honestly for the disappearance of patients from the surface of the earth, when any man longs for the lack of opportunity to practise his chosen profession or trade, then, perhaps, will the professional fighter yearn for peace. But the soldier, *quâ* soldier, ought to wish for war. It is his only *raison d'être*. Apparently appreciating this fact, the men who drafted the agreement of 1817 provided for the removal of that incentive to war which the

existence and display of a naval force necessarily involves. Their argument seems to have been that Satan will find some mischief still for idle ships to do, and, in consequence, for nearly a century only four toy gunboats have been kept in commission by either country in these waters.

How fully the result has justified their action! We have had plenty of disagreements with Canada. Time and again the disputes between us have reached the point of acerbity and irritation. It is almost certain that, if we had had our weapons handy, one or the other of us would have drawn a bead on the other. But, luckily, our hip pockets were empty, and no damage was done. And consider for a moment how different the aspect of the Great Lakes would be to-day if this Arrangement had not been signed! The mad rivalry of armaments would have been reproduced in miniature in each of them. Manufacturers and contractors would be besieging Congress and Parliament to authorize the construction, now of a floating battery, and now of a battle-ship, and each new vessel on either side would be used as justification for a similar one on the other. To withstand such navies, land defences would be necessary, and garrisons to man them. Every port—Oswego, Buffalo, Cleveland, Duluth, Hamilton, Toronto, Kingston,—would require modern forts and ordnance; immense expenditure would be necessary even in times of peace, and the continuance of peace would be rendered precarious. The possibility of such a state of affairs has been removed by the Arrangement of 1817, and it is quite likely that the example of peacefulness which is set along the Lake frontier has had the effect of making more or less trivial the preparations for war on the rest of the boundary-line. Has there been anything enervating or unmanly in all this? Not at all. No one doubts for a moment the courage and ability to fight of the men on both sides, but that courage and ability have been released for service in the conquests of nature and industry. Such have been the far-reaching effects of the Arrangement of 1817, which at the time was not thought worthy of the title of "Treaty" and is called simply an "Arrangement." Mr. Monroe was President then, and his name is associated with another declaration of policy; but I am inclined to think that there are possibilities in the Rush-Bagot Arrangement which may well eclipse those of the Monroe Doctrine.

—*From an article in the North American Review by Ernest Crosby.*

KELLER'S AMERICAN HYMN.

Maestoso.

1. Speed our re-pub-lic, O Fa-ther on high! Lead us in path-ways of jus-tice and right;
2. Fore-most in bat-tle, for Freedom to stand, We rush to arms when aroused by its call;
3. Rise up, proud eagle, rise up to the clouds, Spread thy broad wings o'er this fair western world!

cres.

Rul-ers as well as the ruled, one and all, Gir-dle with vir-tue—the ar-mor of might!
Still as of yore, when George Washington led, Thun-ders our war-cry, We con-quer or fall!
Fling from thy beak our dear banner of old! Show that it still is for Freedom un-furl'd!

Hail! three times hail to our country and flag! Rul-ers as well as the ruled, one and all,
Hail! three times hail to our country and flag! Still as of yore, when George Washington led,
Hail! three times hail to our country and flag! Fling from thy beak our dear banner of old—

ff

Gir-dle with vir-tue, the ar-mor of might! Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!
Thunders our war-cry, We conquer or fall! Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!
Show that it still is for Freedom unfurl'd! Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!

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MEMORIAL

They're Growing Old.

Words and Music by ROB'T C. MARQUIS.

1. They're growing old these soldiers bold, Who fought for us on many a field; Their muskets rust and gath-er dust; No more the trust-y sword they'll wield.

2. We'll love to-day these vet'rans gray, And give them hon-or while they stay; Our debt to them we ne'er can pay Ere they from us shall pass a-way.

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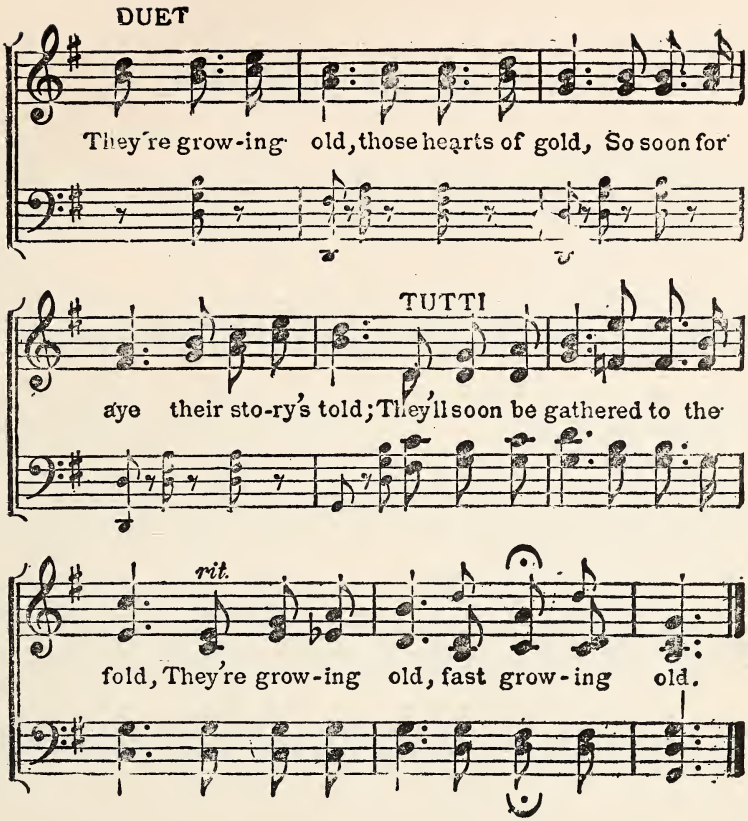


3. And if it seem but misty dream
To us who now are in our prime,
To them "A gleam from eyes that beam"
Tell comrades of "That other time."

4. For those who sleep and those who weep
We'll scatter here some blossoms fair,
And ere we part, each patriot heart
Will for these vet'rans breathe a prayer.

OUR FLAG COLORS.

E. L. McCord. W. W. Gilchrist.

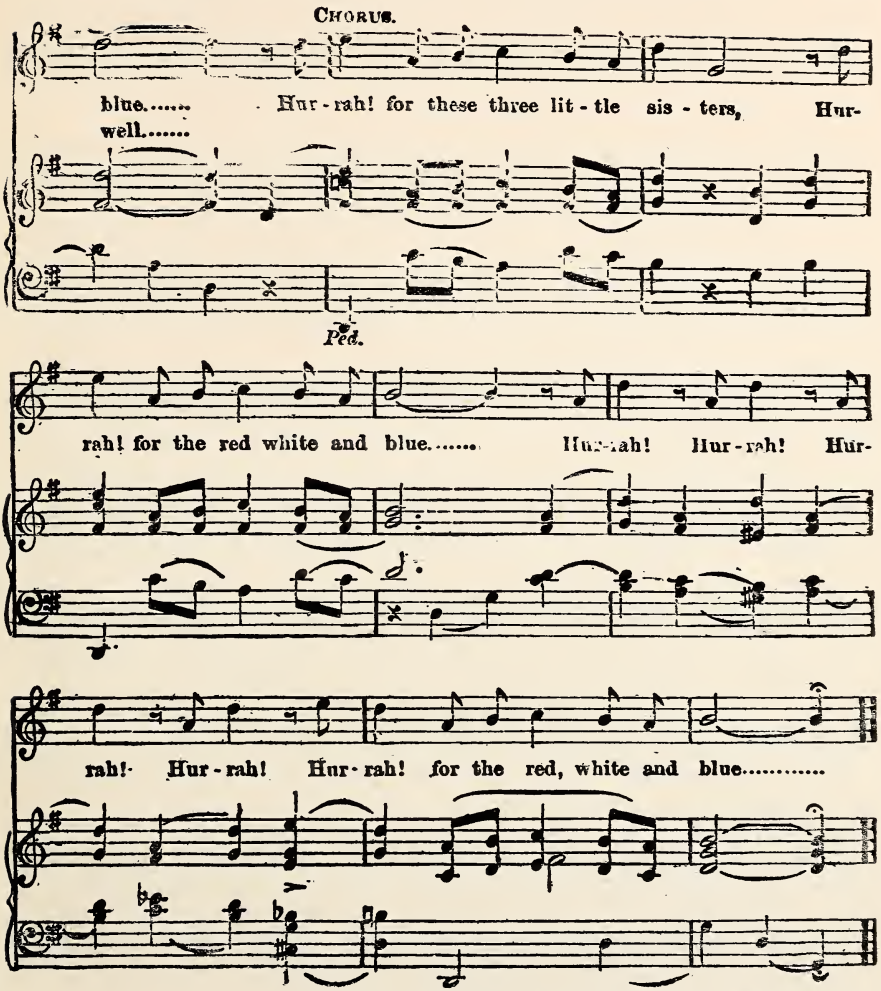
In marked time.

1. I know three lit - tle sis - ters, I think you know them too For one is red, and one is white; And the oth er one is Pur - i - ty And Truth we love so

2. I know three lit - tle les - sons, These lit - tle sis - ters tell, The first is Love, then

Ped.

OUR FLAG COLORS (Concluded)



From "The Child's Garden of Song." A. C. McClurg & Co.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

N. S. W. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. We shall meet, but we shall miss him There will be one va - cant chair;
2. At our fire - side, sad and lone - ly, Oft - en will the bos - om swell
3. True, they tell us wreaths of glo - ry Ev - er - more will deck his brow,

We shall lin - ger to ca ress him, While we breathe our eve - ning prayer.
At re - mem-brance of the sto - ry How our no - ble Wil - lie fell;
But this soothes the an - guish on - ly Sweep - ing o'er our heart-strings now.

When a year a - go we gath - ered, Joy was in his mild blue eye,
How he strove to bear our ban - ner Thro' the thick - est of the fight,
Sleep to - day, O ear - ly fall - en, In thy green and nar - row bed,

But a gold en cord is sev ered, And our hopes in ru - in lie
And up - hold our coun - try's hon or, In the strength of manhood's might.
Dir ges from the pine and cy press Min - gle with the tears we shed.

CHORUS.

We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va - cant chair;

We shall lin ger to ca - ress him, When we breathe our eve ning prayer.

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